

#### HERGÉ

### THE ADVENTURES OF TINTIN

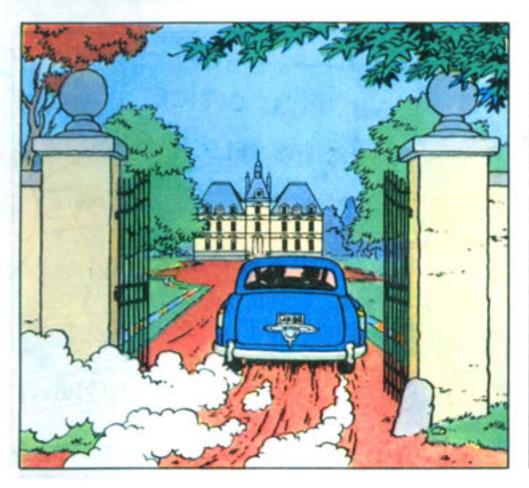
# DESTINATION MOON



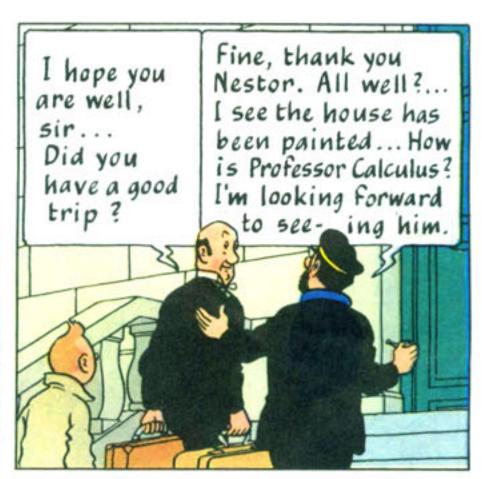
**MAMMOTH** 

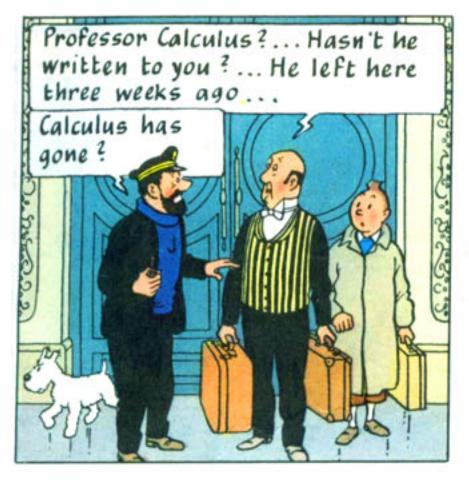
## DESTINATION MOON

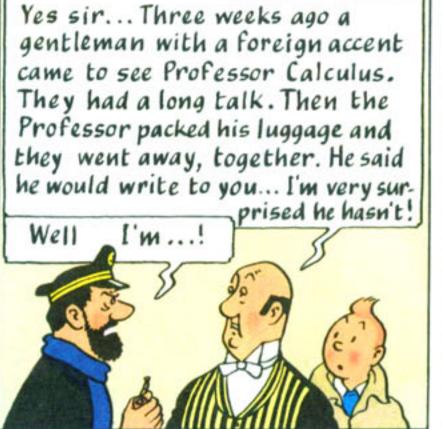


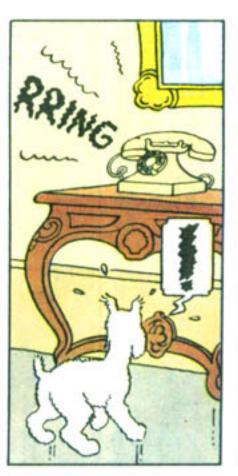




























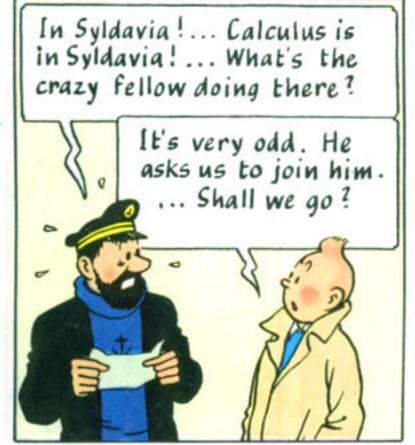






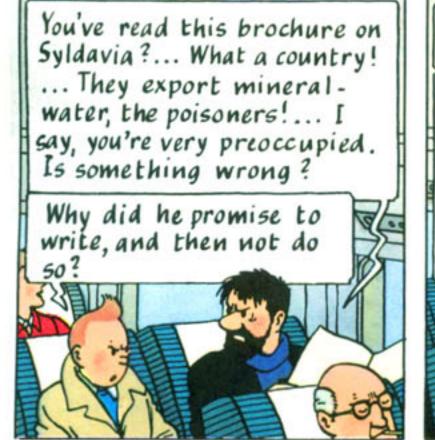




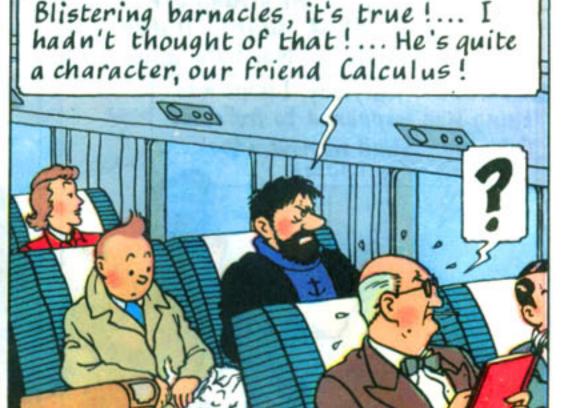




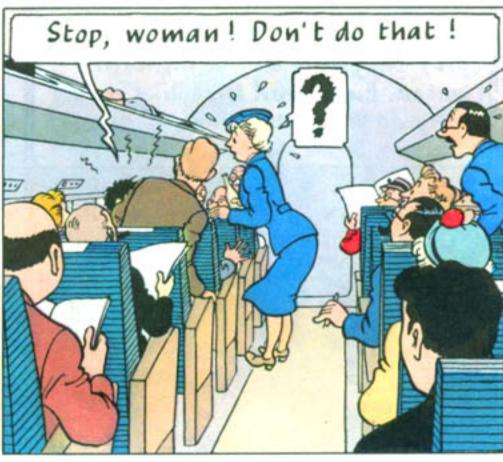




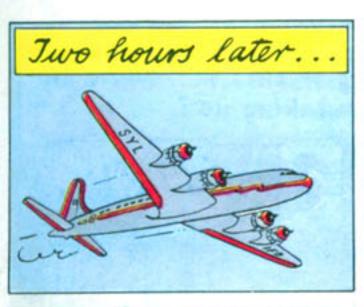




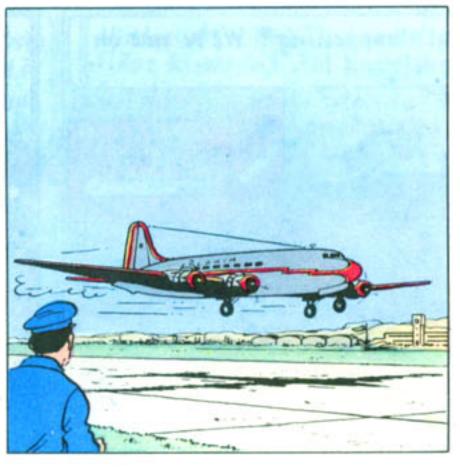


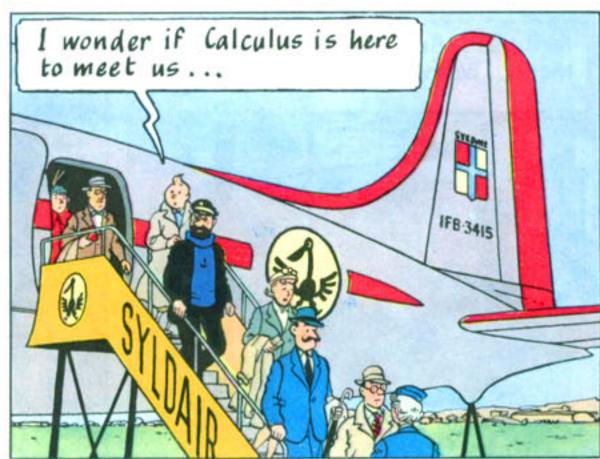














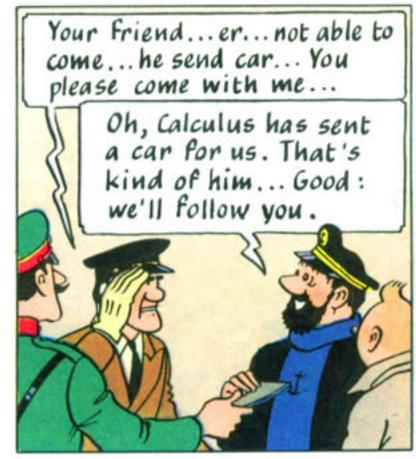


And this?... Spirits!..

















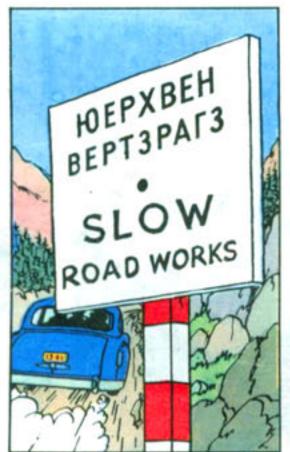
















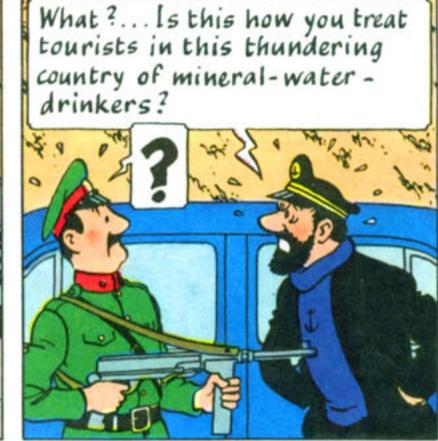


















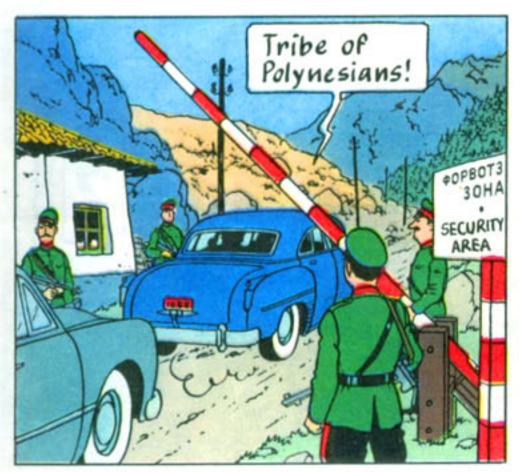


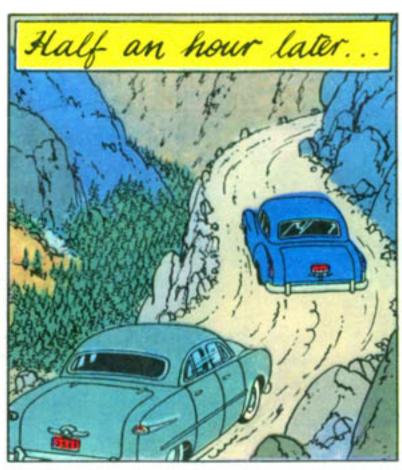


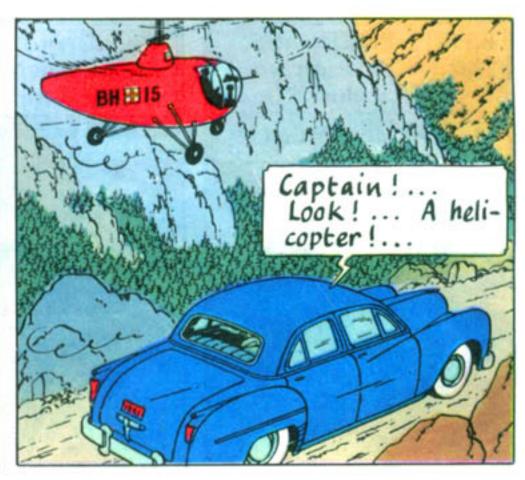










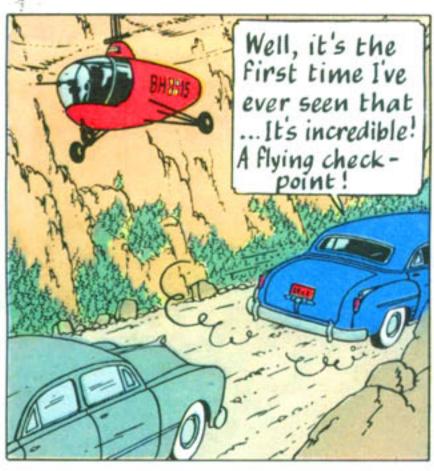


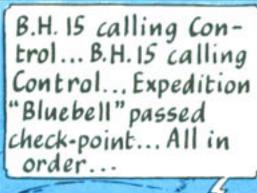














What's all this checking business? Where are we, and where are they taking us?





What's possessed him to come and nest up here? [ simply... Blistering barnacles! Another check-point!



Thundering typhoons! What's going on in this country? Anyone would think there's a war on!



And now that baboon's gone off with our papers! What's he doing with them?

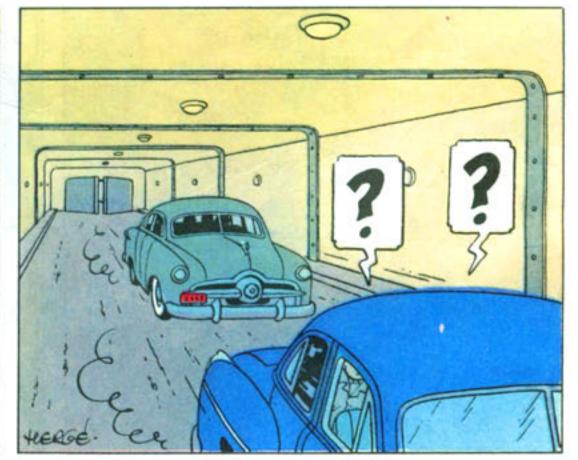


P.K.I calling Control ... P.K.I calling Control ... Expedition "Bluebell" has arrived ... All in order... Open the doors ...

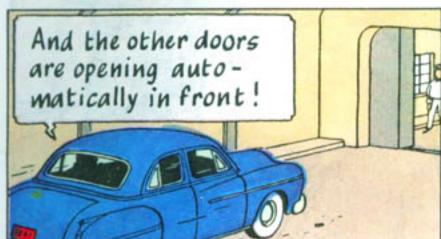








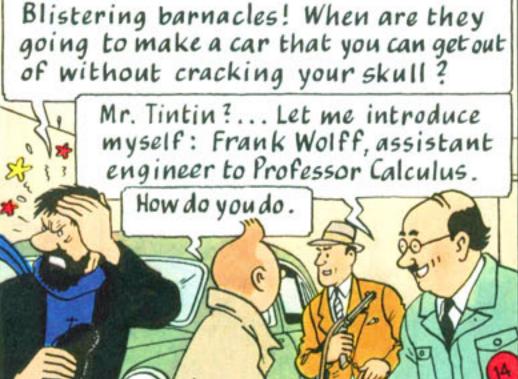




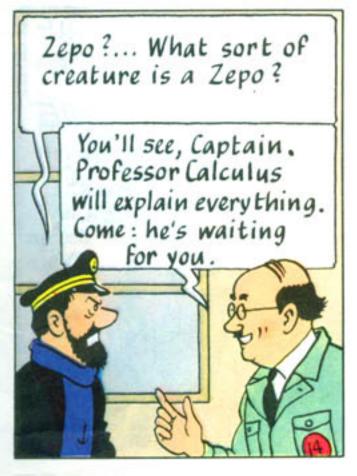














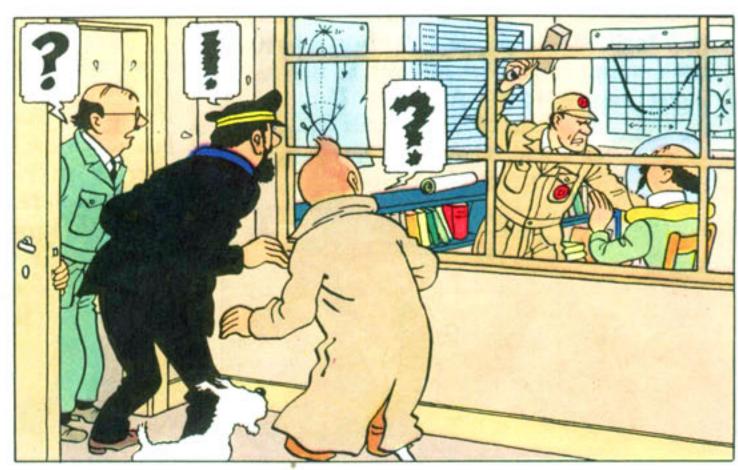


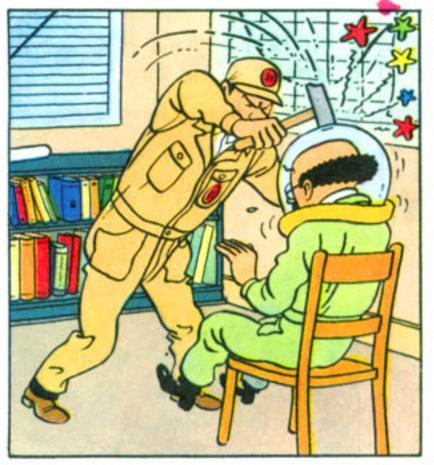








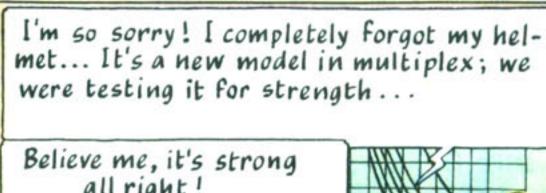






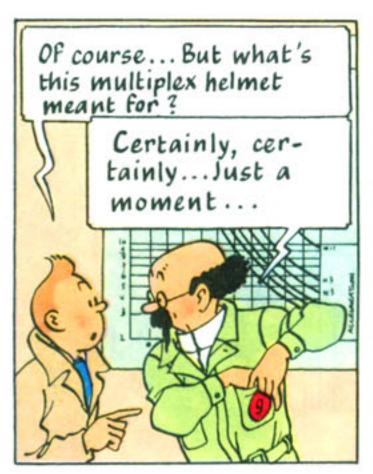






















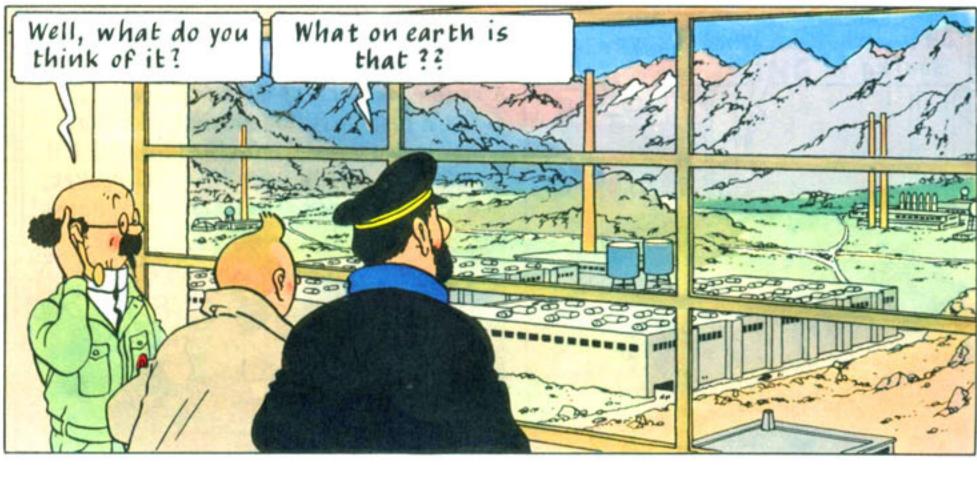
In short, we haven't made much progress. We know the Mammoth project is going ahead; but just how far - that's the problem ... The only precise information we've managed to get is this complete list of employees in the Main Workshop. Our agent K27, in the Ministry, photographed

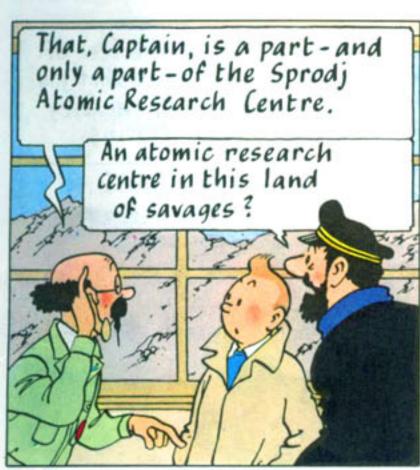


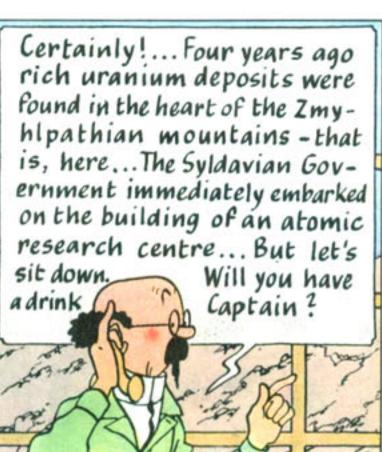


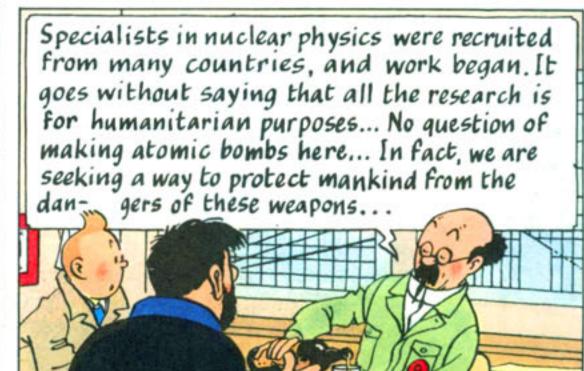








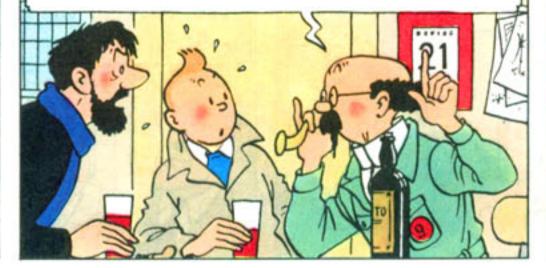


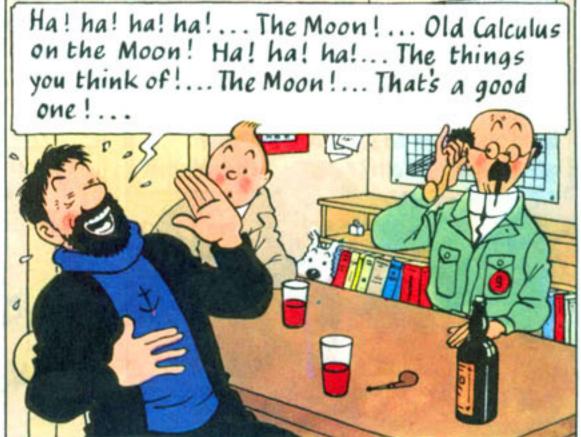


Then the Syldavian Government invited me to work here. I have been put in charge of the astronautical section, as that is the field with which I am most familiar



I have been very ably supported by my engineer, Frank Wolff. You met him earlier. And I'm just completing plans for a nuclear-powered rocket in which I propose to land ON THE MOON...

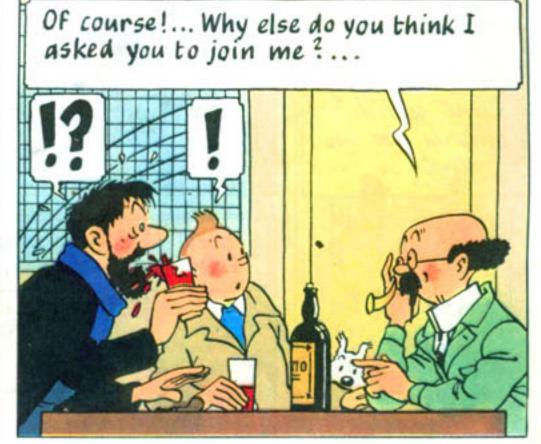




Ha! ha! ha!...The
Moon!... As easy as
pie!... A man on the
Moon!... You'll be
the man in the
Moon!... Ha! ha!
ha!

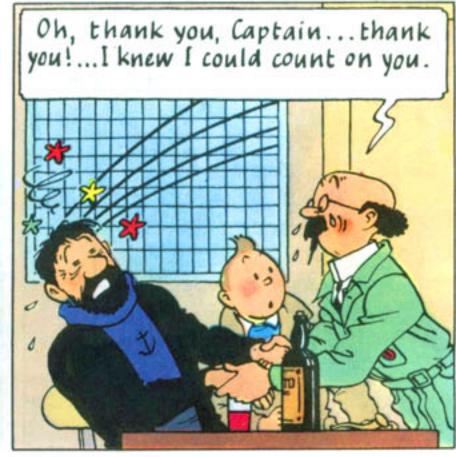


Here's to you!...
Ha! ha! ha! Passengers for the Moon, all
aboard the bus!...
Sorry, the rocket!...
You are taking passengers, I hope?











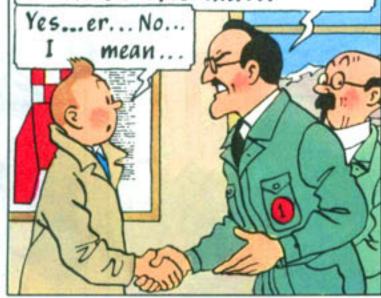
Ah, Mr. Baxter. May I introduce Captain Haddock? Mr. Baxter, the Captain is most enthusiastic. He says he and our good friend Tintin will be delighted to travel with me to the Moon.





No, no, don't be modest: a character such as yours is rare, all too rare... I congratulate you, and I envy you. ... You will have a unique privilege: the first man to set foot on our great satellite the Moon!

I congratulate you too, young man. In this perilous venture you will represent the eager spirit of youth. That's splendid ...



But it is getting late, gentlemen, and you've had a tiring day. We'll show you your rooms, and tomorrow the Professor will take you round the Centre... This will be the first time outsiders have been admitted ... As you can imagine, we cannot be too careful about spies and saboteurs





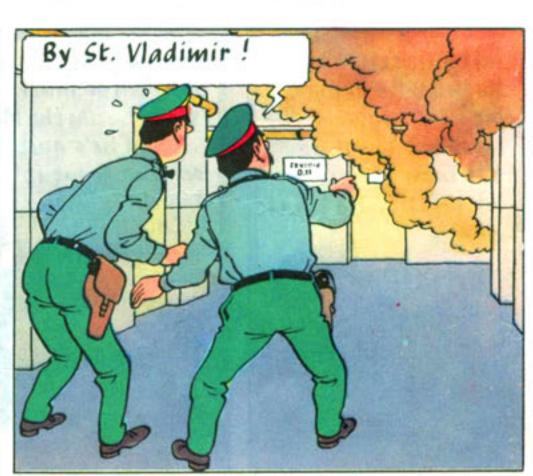


Patrol 14 calling Control ... Nothing to report ...



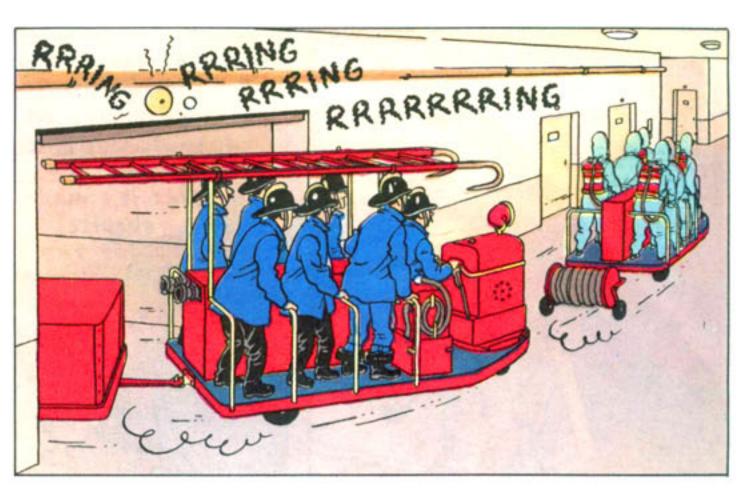
All the same, "They" go a bit far... This inspection is absurd.. Who could possibly get in here?...



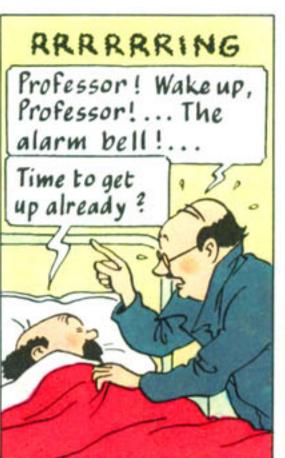




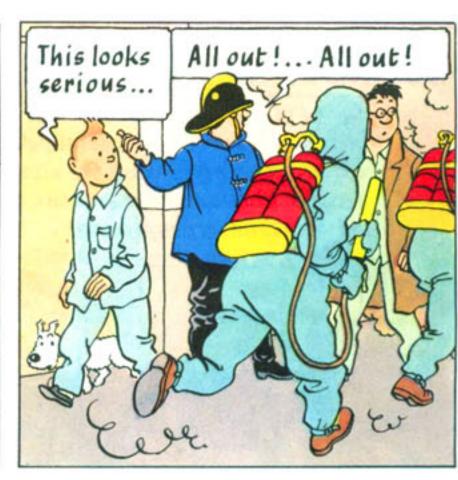






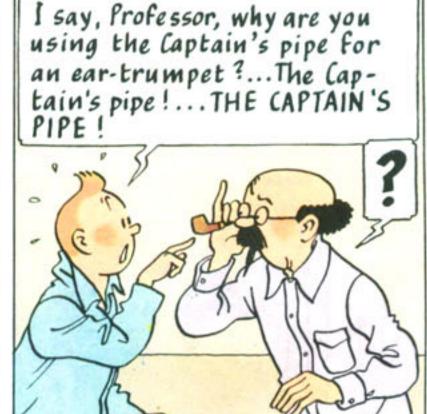




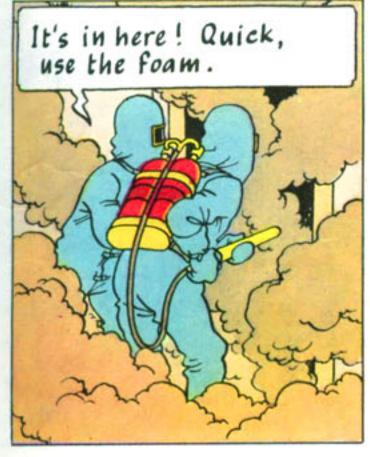


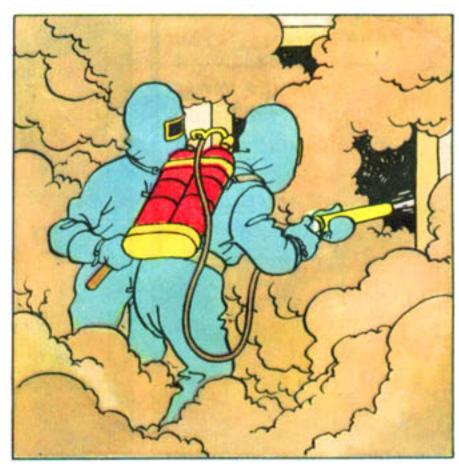


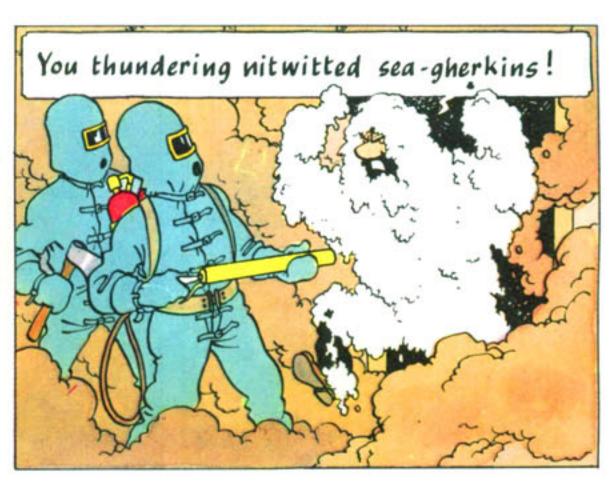


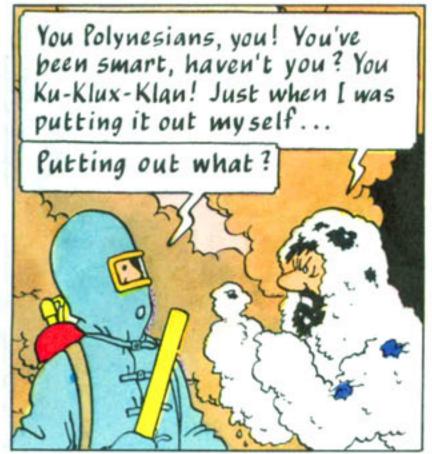
















The Professor asked me to give you this...
He's rather busy himself this morning,
so he suggested that I take you round
the Centre...You'd better put on these overalls; then you can go round without being
stopped continually by ZEPO



The Zepo again?...Look here, just what is a Zepo?

The ZEPO?... ZE-PO... Zekrett Politzs... They are the special police responsible for guarding the atomic area, for anti-sabotage precautions and for counter-espionage.



On that score the ZEPO have plenty to do...

Despite all our precautions, certain powers know that we are building a moon-rocket and their spies are actively interested. Happily for us they can only succeed if they have inside men. And even these would have to be senior staff... But we need have no worries about that... Now I'll leave you to put on your overalls.



Meanwhile ...

Send this in code, my dear Baron: "A.K.R. 12 to N.W.3. R. In contact at top level with Main Workshop..."



We are now in the central laboratories where the natural uranium - which comes to us in thin metal rods - is converted into plutonium ... Plutonium will be used to power frofessor Calculus's rock - et.



There are two principal stages in the production of plutonium: first the "cooking" of the uranium rods in the atomic pile which you will see in a minute; then the chemical extraction of the plutonium produced in the rods by the "cooking" ... You follow me?



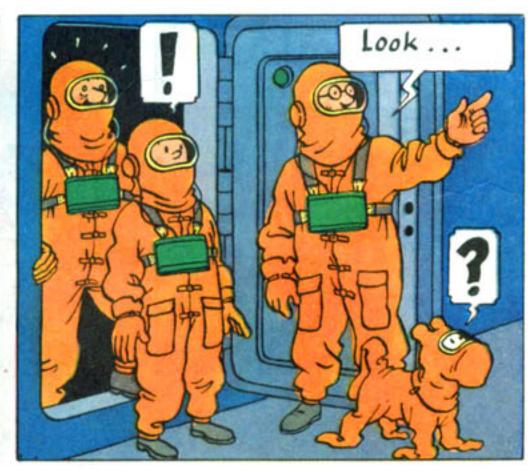
Through this entrance is the bay housing the atomic pile... Have your passes ready.

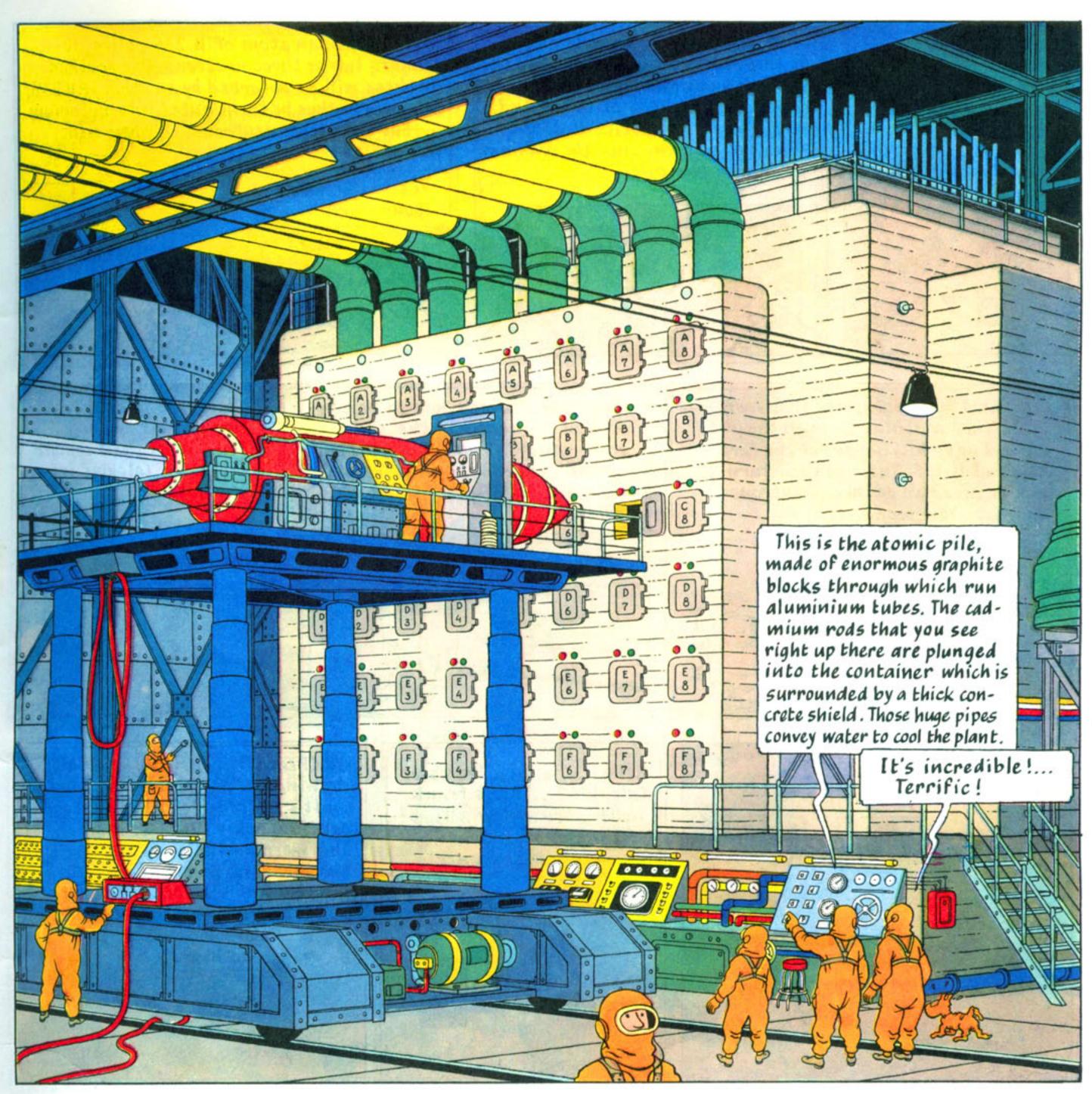


That's that. Now we'll go and put on the special clothing to protect us against radioactivity ... By the way, with his usual thoughtfulness Professor Calculus remembered your dog; he's had a suit made for himjust the right size.



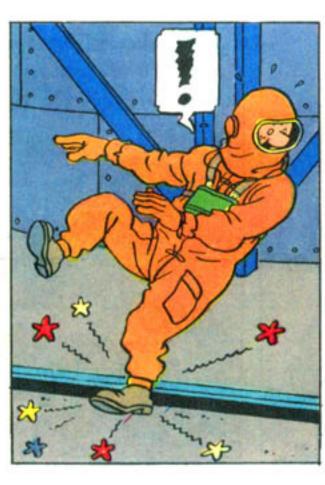


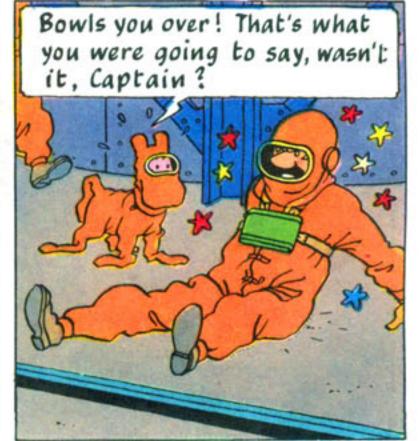














Good. Now, back to the pile again. At this moment they are putting in a rod of uranium: uranium containing about 99% of U.238 and only 1% of radioactive U.235. Now what happens once the uranium is inside the pile?



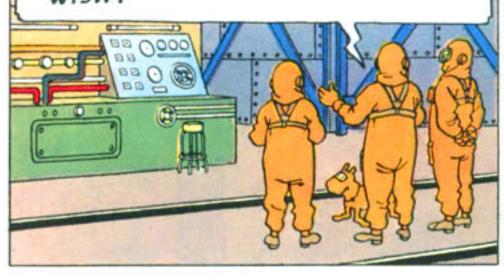
Well... When an atom of U.235 splits, it releases two or three neutrons. One or other of these will be absorbed by an atom of U.238, which will thus be transmuted into plutonium ... But those other neutrons?... Where will they go?...



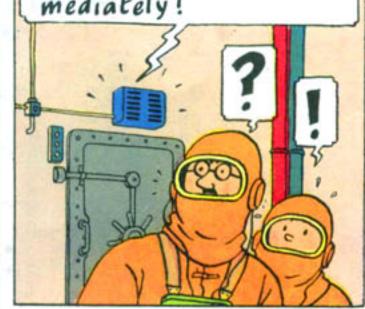
Restricted by the graphite that surrounds them, they continue through the pile, and end up by hitting one of the rare atoms of U.235. These in their turn split and release two or three neutrons again ... You see?

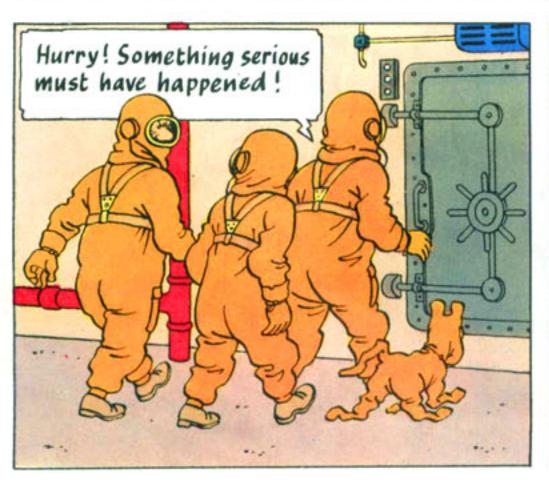


But this process has to be controlled. Thanks to the cadmium rods which absorb a proportion of the neutrons, we can regulate the working of the pile as we wish.



Attention please! Attention please! Engineer Frank Wolff please contact Professor Calculus immediately!

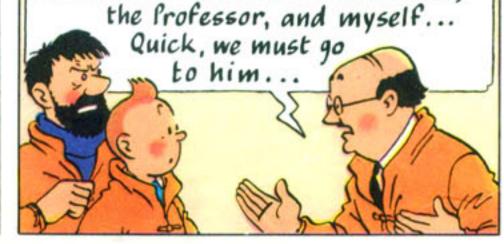




Hello!...Hello!...Professor Calculus?...This is Frank Wolff...You...How...What? ...The plans?...Gone??... Yes, we'll come at once.



You heard?... They're the detail drawings of an experimental rocket ... It's incredible! The Professor put them in his safe last night... This morning the plans are gone!... And only three people know the combination of the lock: Mr. Baxter,





Just when is someone going to let me out of this fancy - dress?



A few minutes later ...

And this morning when I opened the safe, look what I found: old newspapers instead of the plans...





Excuse me, Professor, I may be mistaken, but I found these in the waste-paper basket. Aren't they the plans you're looking for?



I...Why, so they are!...
But how could I? I'm
terribly sorry...In a moment of absent-mindedness
last night I must have put
the plans in the basket,
and locked up these old
newspapers...



How lucky to have found them! These are plans of an experimental rocket we are just getting ready. Come, I'll show you...It's a model of the rocket which will, one day, take



As you know, the Moon travels round the Earth, always showing the one face. The other side is completely unknown. The radio-controlled rocket we are going to launch will circumnavigate the Moon...

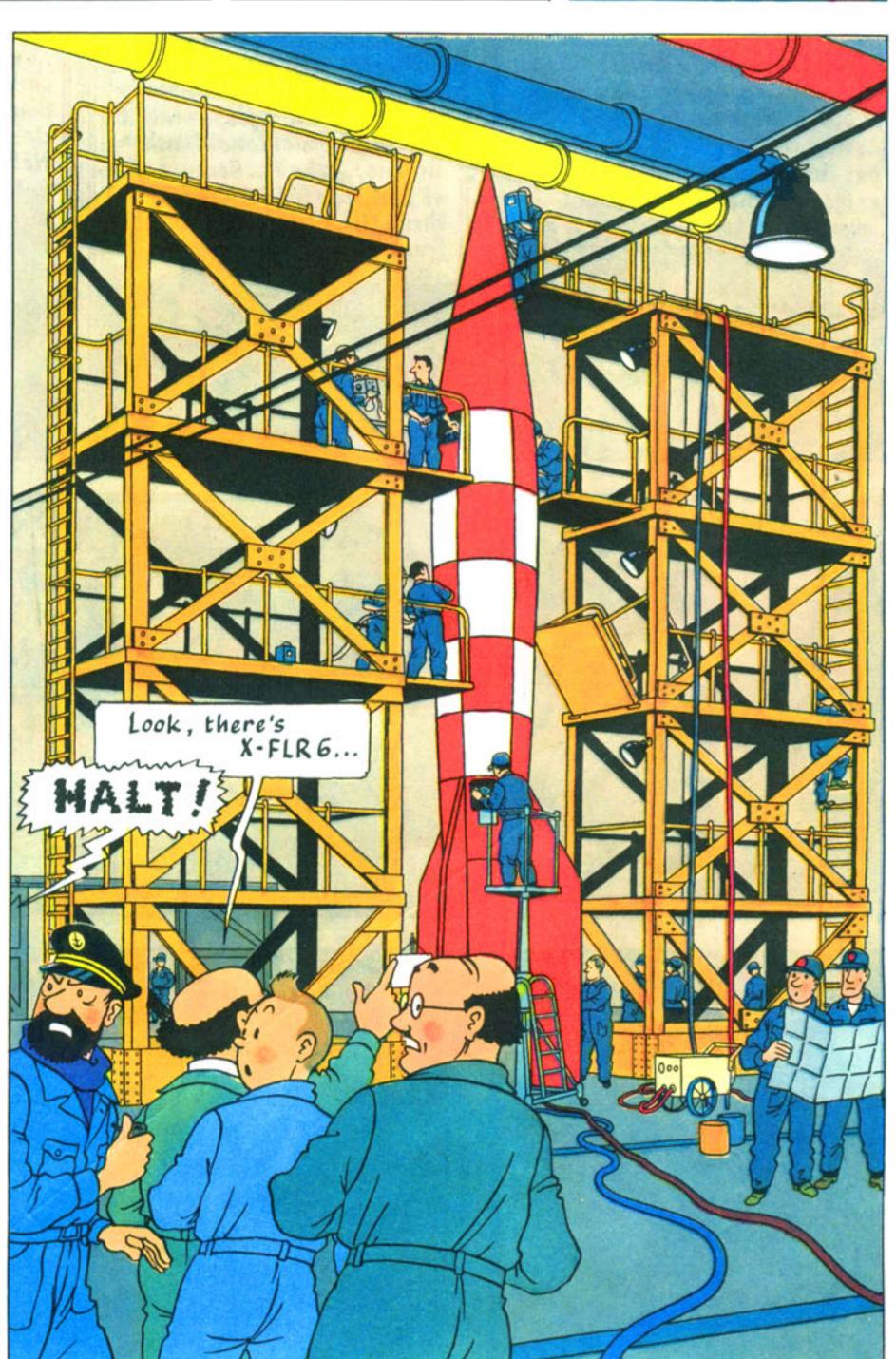


... and take photographs of the other side-the face which is, and always will be, invisible from the Earth. If only from the point of view of astronomy this will be of tremendous interest. But that is not our only objective. Need-less to say the rocket...



... X-FLR6, as we have called it, will carry a full range of instruments. When these are recovered they will give us invaluable information for our own trip to the Moon...









... to be driven by a nuclear motor
... And I, Professor Calculus perfected it!... How does it work?
... Well, think of a nuclear bomb:
but instead of an instantaneous
explosion, the force is spread
over several days.



Of course, for launching and landing we shall use another engine, a simple jet, using a mixture of nitricacid and aniline...Why?...Because if we used the nuclear motor then, the radioactive blast from the exhausts



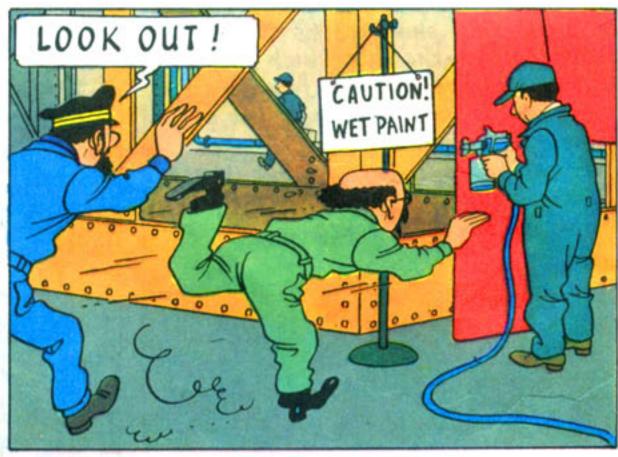
... would be a frightful hazard at the launching and landing sites... You may argue that the intense heat engendered by the nuclear fission would melt the motor itself!

No! Because I have invented a new substance, calculon. It has a silicon base, and can resist even the highest temperatures. Thanks to these two inventions—the nuclear motor and calculon—we shall soon set foot on the Moon.













A week goes by . Then, one night ...

Radar to Control! Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area!...





Attention please!... Control calling!... Emergency!... Aircraft from South violating Security Area... Fighters and A.A. personnel to action stations

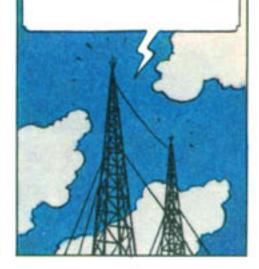


Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. Are you receiving me?... You are violating a Security Area... If you proceed you are liable to be forced down



They've spotted us!... They're ordering us to turn back! At all costs don't answer them: we aren't over the right place yet.

Sprodj Control to unidentified aircraft. I repeat, if you do not clear Security Area, we will open fire.



We hadn't bargained for this! They say they'll shoot!

> Answer with a few odd words to make them think we're in trouble ... We must





A plane must have lost its way. Their radio is intermittent. They're trying to answer us. What shall we do ?



This is it! Jump!



Radar to Control!... Three parachutists have just jumped from the plane!



Control calling! ... Order the Ack-Ack to open fire!











Great snakes! It went off in the Professor's room! Quick! I must hurry!





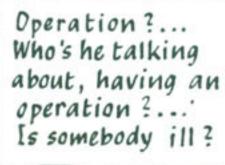


Gentlemen, there have been serious incidents during the night... An unidentified aircraft flew over the Security Area. It eluded our fighters and anti-aircraft fire, and dropped three parachutists. The parachute of one failed to open and he was killed. His body was found this morning. He was carrying rations, arms, and a radio set, but of course no identification papers...



Till now the other two parachutists have evaded capture. Needless to say everything is being done to find them. They will undoubtedly be caught forthwith. Meanwhile, gentlemen, [ask for your co-operation...





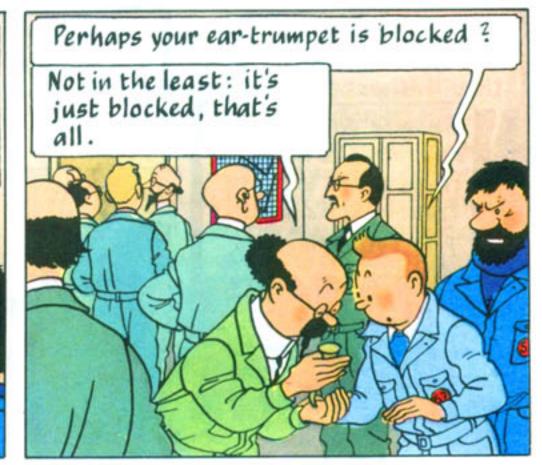


... and would like to impress on you, my senior executives, the need for constant vigilance. This daring raid proves that even the strictest precautions cannot stop desperate men.



Thank you, gentlemen, that will be all. May [ just have a word with the X-FLR6 team . . .



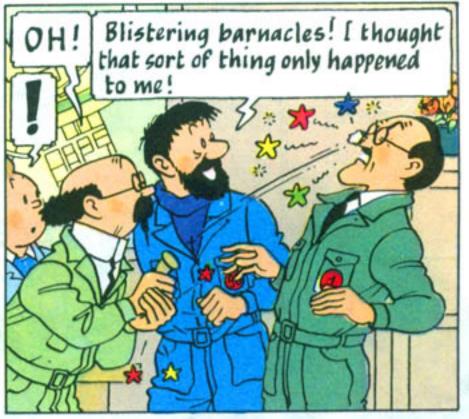


You see? It's plaster...from that explosion last night... No, it won't come out like this...



Let's see, perhaps if I shake it...

Well, Professor, what are you up to now?







Hello...Yes...What?...
Captured the parachutists?...Both of them?..
Splendid!...Greeks,
you say?...That's odd.
Bring them here immediately. I'll question
them myself.



#### A few minutes later

...You've got the strong end of the wick...no, I mean



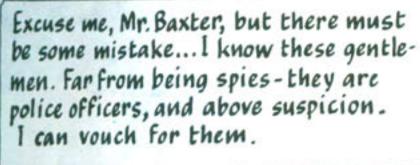




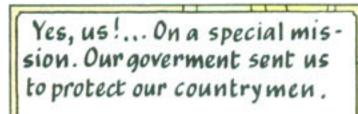














Papers?... Yes, of course we had papers. But they were stolen on the train!

You can believe them, Mr. Baxter. I'm sure they're telling the truth.



Hello, Control!
...Baxter here
...The two men
you arrested
are not the parachutists...
Continue the
search.

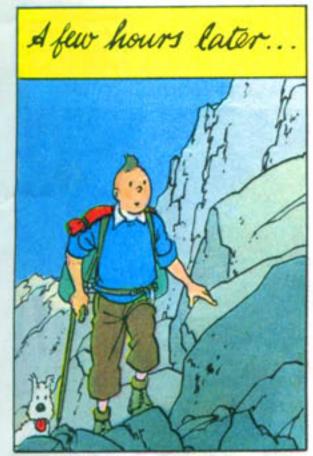


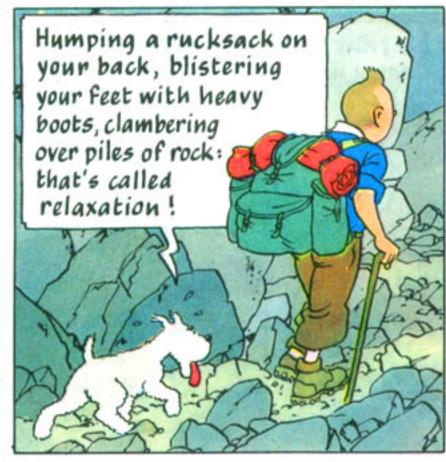
Now to get back to X-FLR6. I'd like to say a few words... The trial rocket will soon be ready. I'm sure that's where the spies will concentrate their efforts. So please be especially alert...

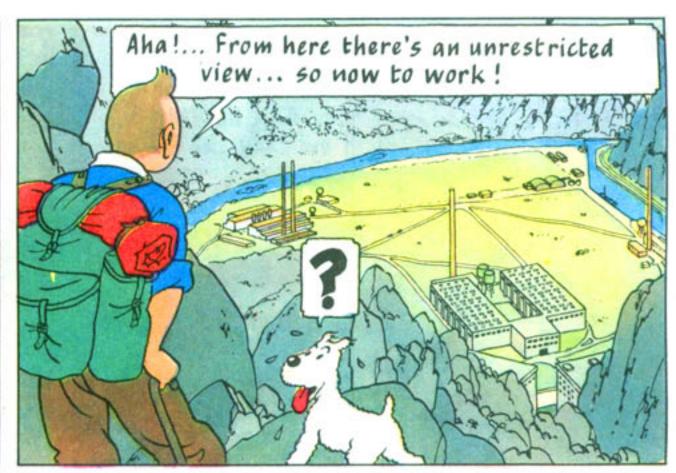


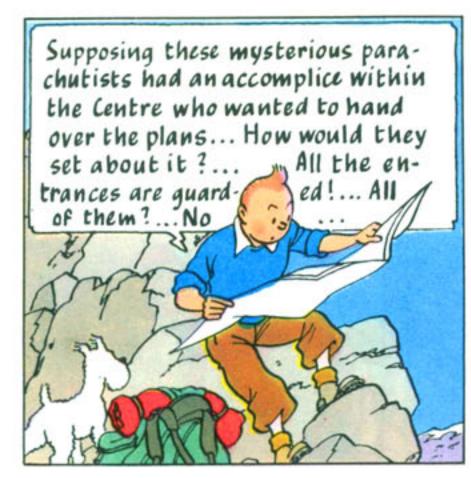
If it were possible, Mr. Baxter, I'd very much like permission to leave the Centre for a few days - to make a trip into the mountains. I feel I'd like to stretch my legs.

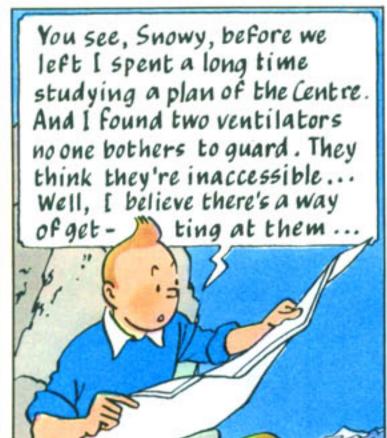




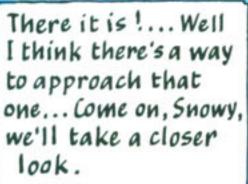








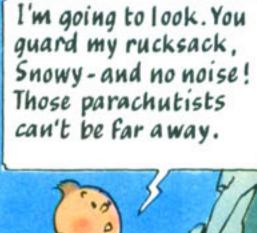




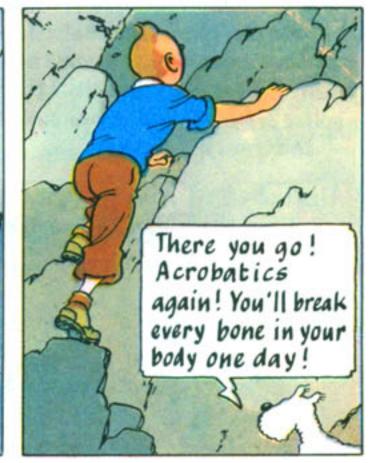


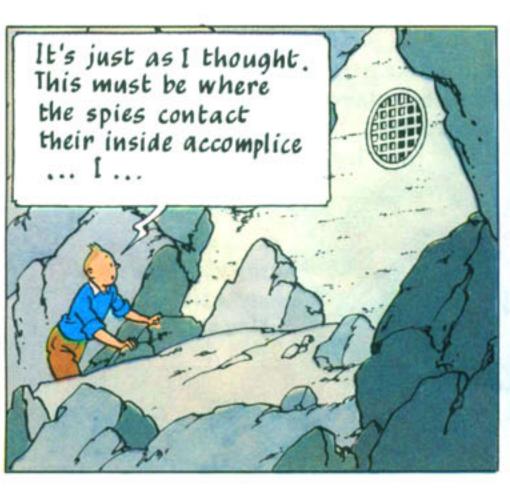


















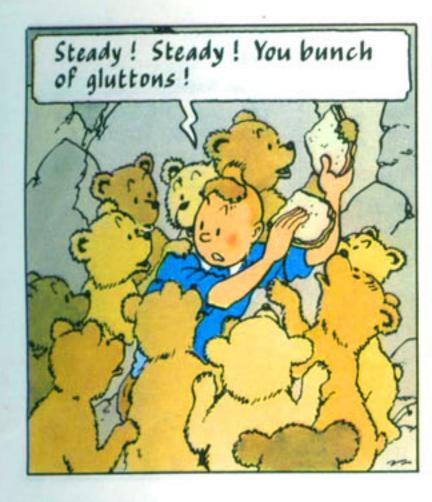




That's that, eh, Snowy my boy? Here's a piece for you.

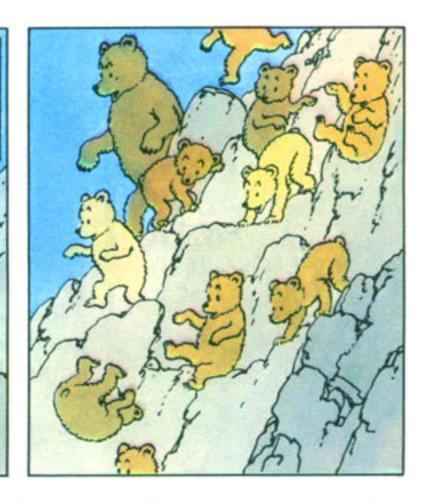












Quick Snowy! Now's our chance to give them the slip. We'll make our way up there.







Hello, hello!... Hello, Captain?... Yes, it's me. I think I've got it ... Yes ... J Sector... Corridor 7 ... Ventilator 3... Yes... I can count on you?



Trust me! ... You said J Sector, Corridor 7, Ventilator 3 ... Right! No, no, not a word to a soul!



Well... all we can do is await events ... Here, Snowy. We must wrap up well; it's a chilly night.































That's Snowy howling, Mr. Baxter. Something must have happened to Tintin. Hurry! He's out there, near the ventilator grid.



Hello, Control ?... Baxter here... Send a search party at once to look for Tintin ... Outside... J Sector ... Corridor 7 ... Ventilator 3... Hurry!... Keep me informed at Post 18.



Now Captain, tell me what happened to you.

> It's like this ... Tintin went off this morning, saying he was going to try to catch the parachutists... About five o'clock he called me by radio: he was convinced he'd found the place where the intruders ...



.. would try to contact their accomplices. According to him it was the ventilator grid in this corridor. Events proved him right!... In the evening I lay in wait here... It was well on into the night when the lights suddenly went out, leaving the corridor in total darkness. I heard a rustling beside me, and that moment I thought my head had burst!



Well, I happened to see the Captain as he left his quarters... There was something ... er... odd about him and it intrigued me ... I followed him. When he hid, I did the same... Time passed... Then, as he said, the current went off. I heard a dull thud, and the sound of a body falling... I leapt forward... There was a shot outside... then shouts... Someone



And what are you doing here at this hour gentlemen 2

> In all sincerity Director-General, I can solemly and truthfully say ...







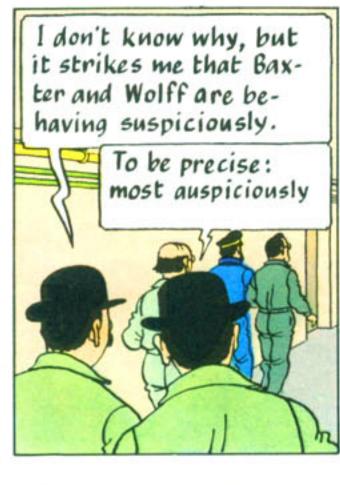


Hello!... Yes ... You've found him? He's hurt ?... What did he say?... Oh, he's unconscious... In the sick-bay?...You're waiting for the doctor?... All right. I'm coming at once.







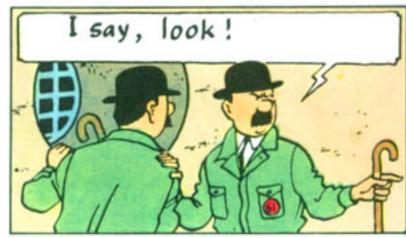




We'll take care of

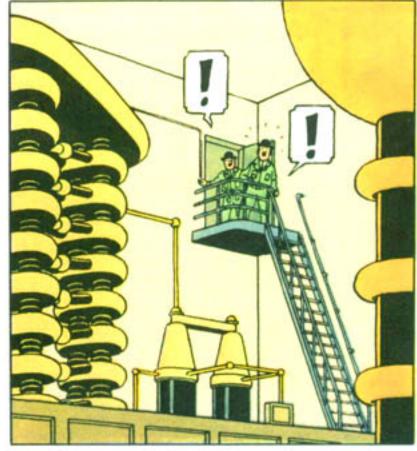
them later. Meanwhile,

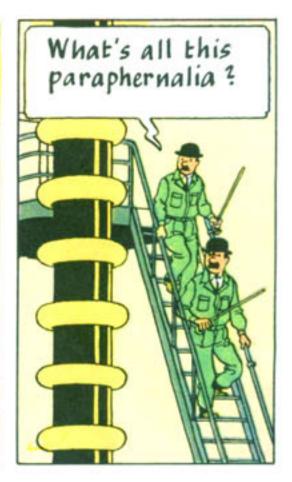


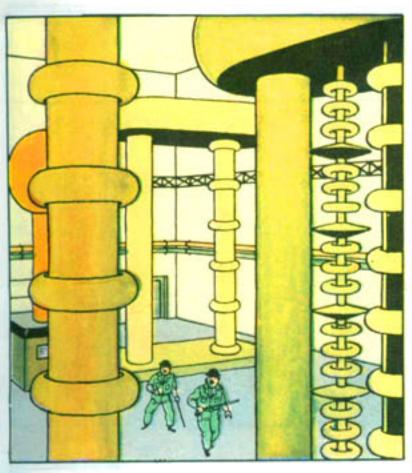








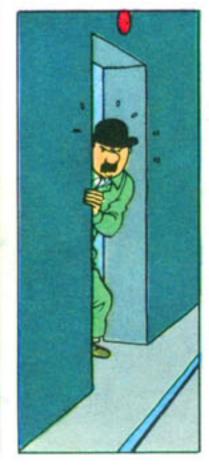


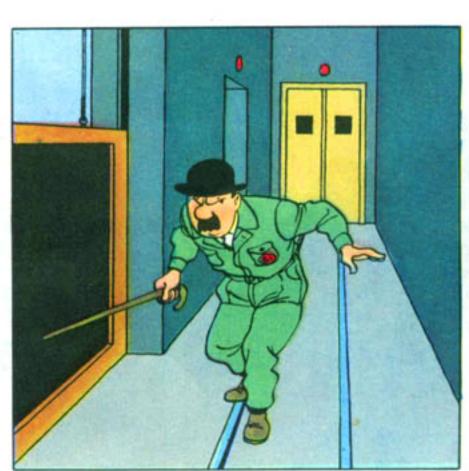




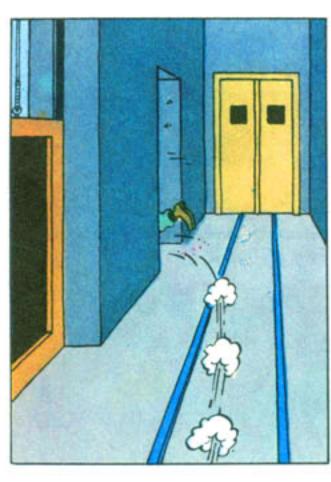
















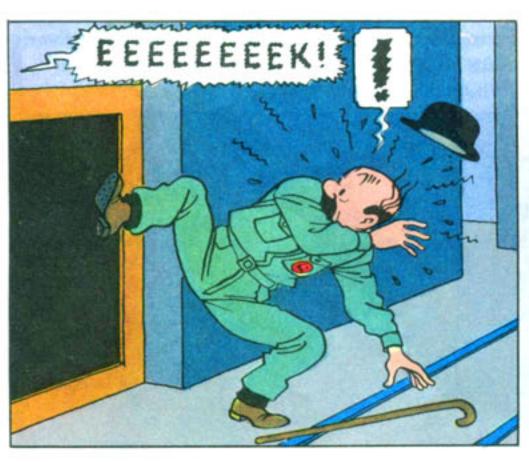


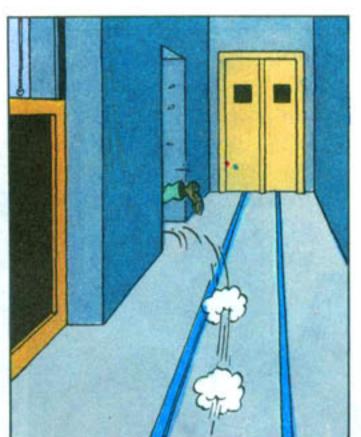


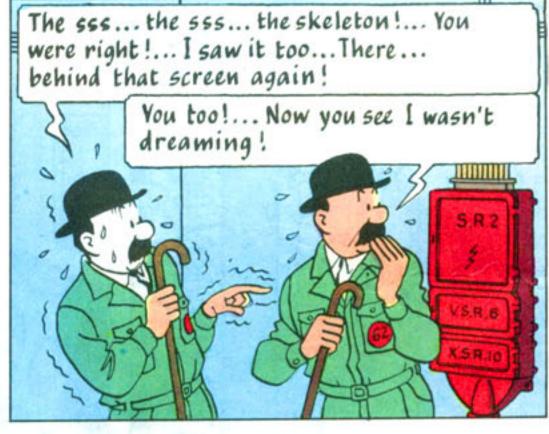












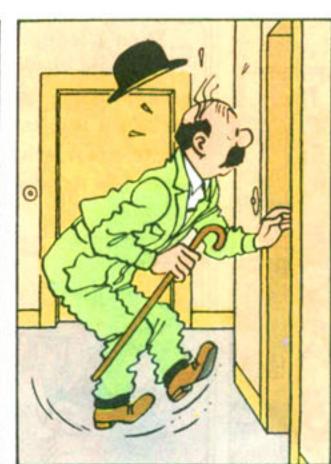












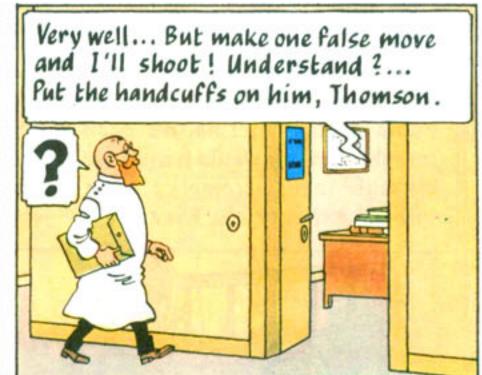


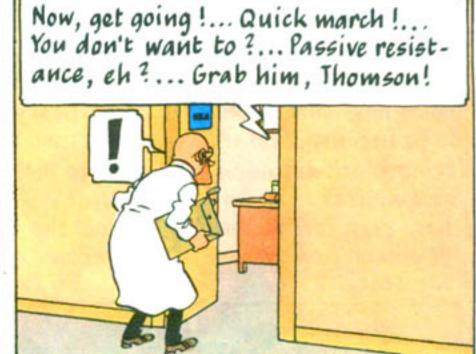


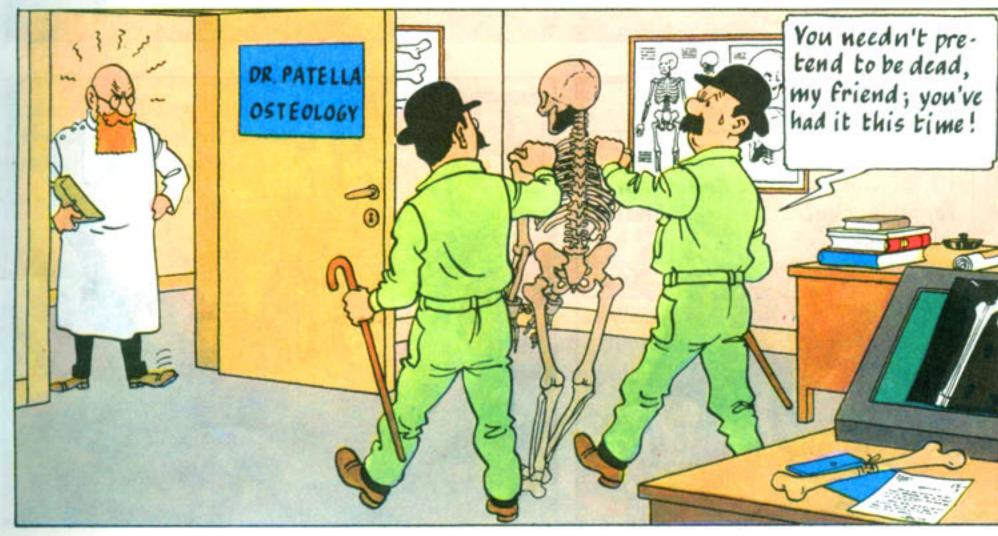














#### Meanwhile ...

No, luckily it's nothing serious. The bullet only grazed the skull... Of course, it was a violent blow. But he's come round completely now, and you can question him.





The gangsters!... The pirates! ... If I get my hands on those crooks, I'll tear them apart like... like... like...







No need, thank you!...
Where were we?...Oh yes...
The next thing is to find out which documents are missing. And above all, we must unmask the traitor in our midst, spying on all our ac-tivities.



I'm afraid that won't be easy. Now the fellow has achieved his object he will try to be inconspicuous. As for our discovering which documents he gave to his accomplices. I'm certain he won't have been foolish enough to steal the originals, and so help us to narrow our search.



To my mind he would simply have made copies. If I hadn't been there tonight the spy would have handed over his stuff to his accomplice, quite quietly, with no one any the wiser.



You're right!.. But still, we'll continue our inquiry. Meanwhile I'll ask Calculus to speed up preparations for launching the trial rocket... With that I'll leave you... Get well soon.

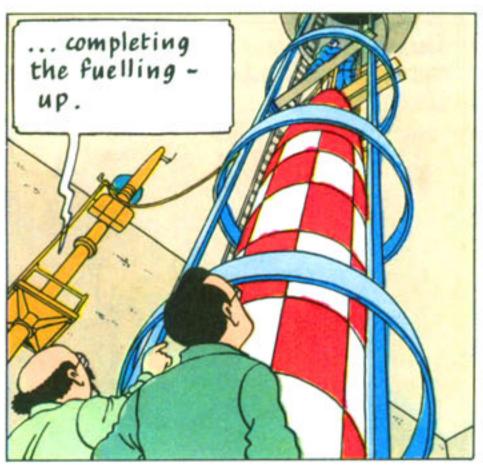




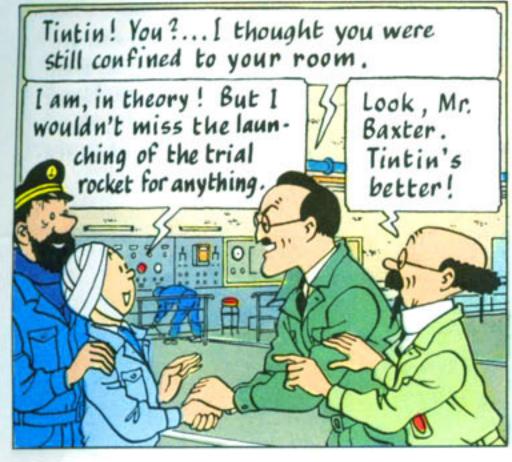


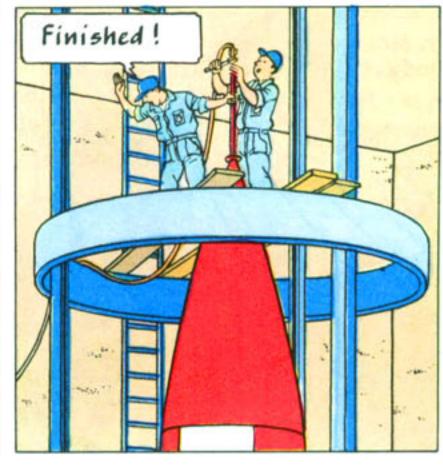








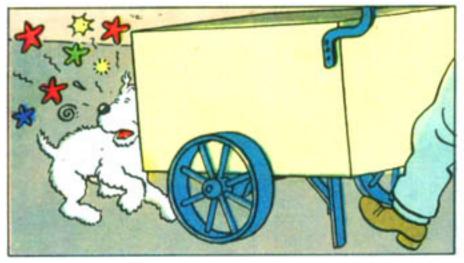




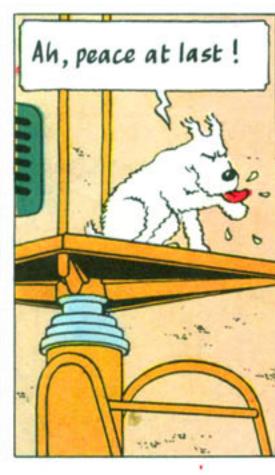


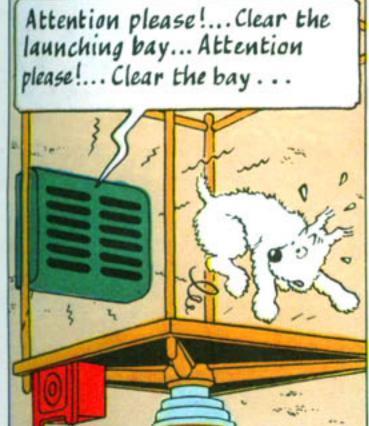


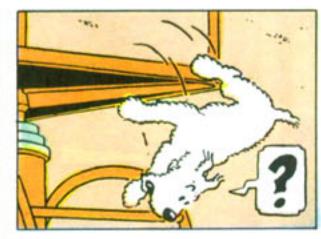




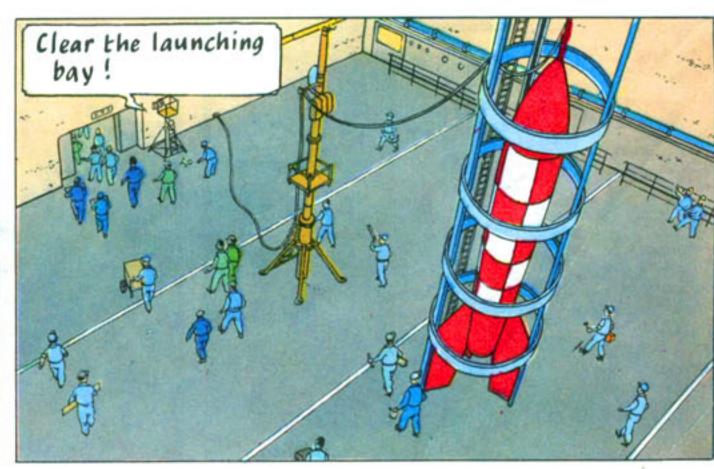




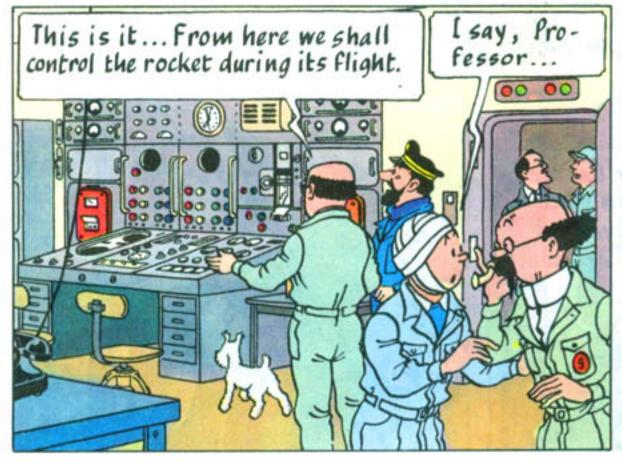






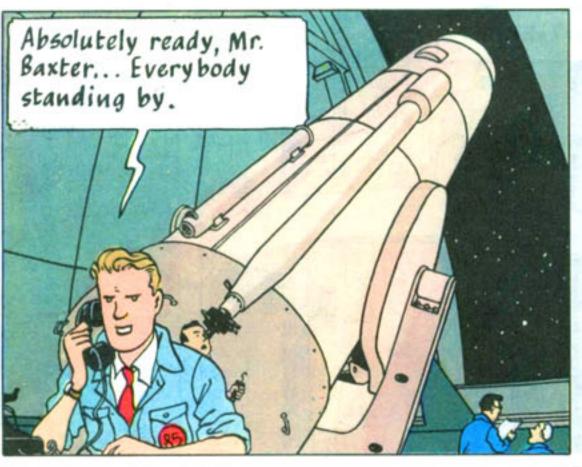




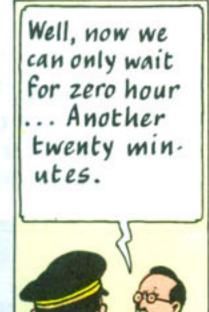


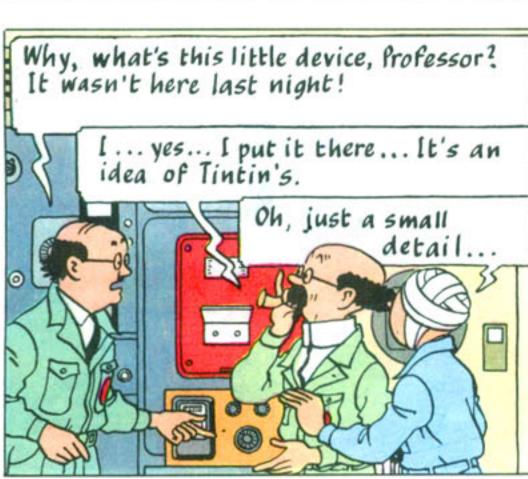
















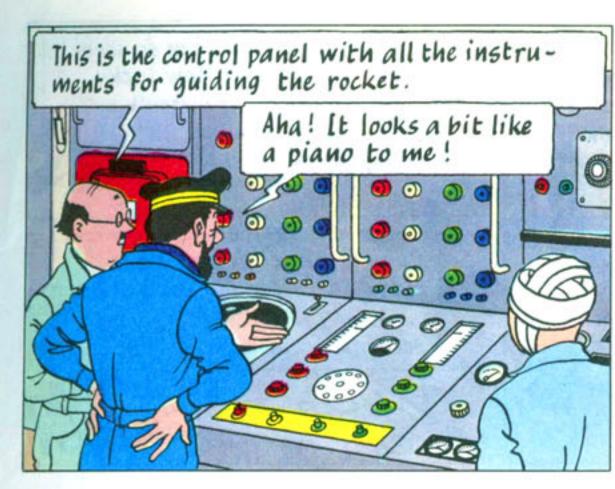










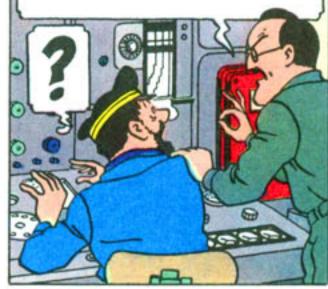








Congratulations Captain! You have remarkable talent... But we've other things to think of besides chamber music!

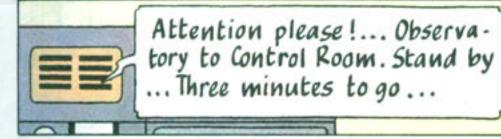


In a few minutes, gentlemen, X-FLR 6 will begin its flight...
I propose that the honour of launching the rocket should fall to our youngest colleague - Tintin ... You agree?



The left-hand lever controls the auxiliary engine-used only at the outset. The other controls the nuclear motor which takes over later.



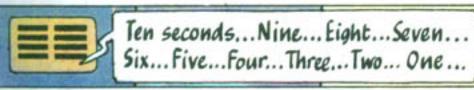


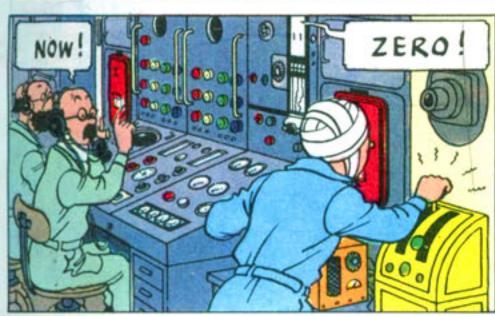


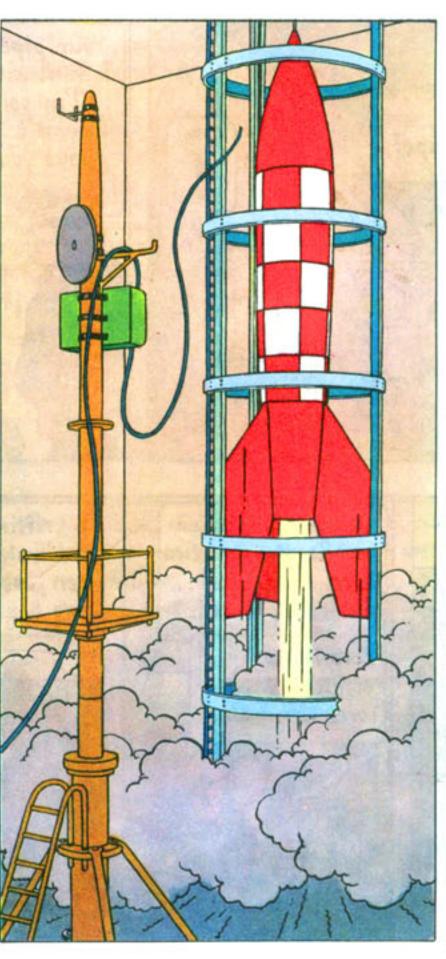


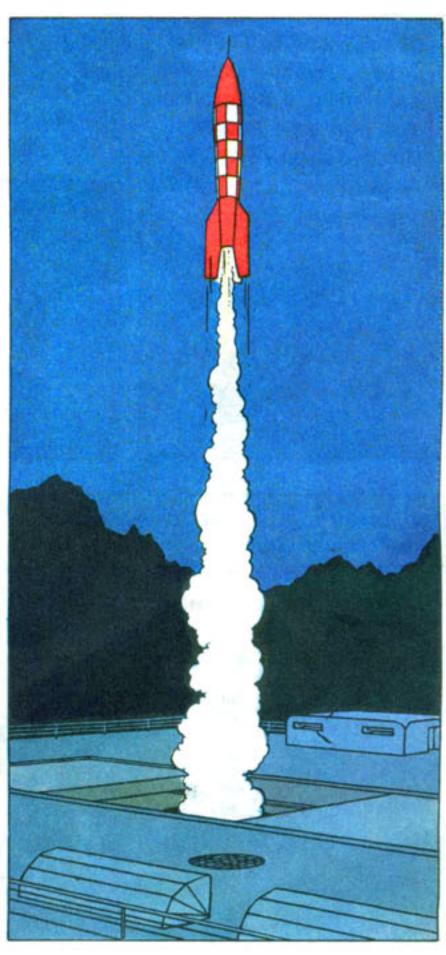








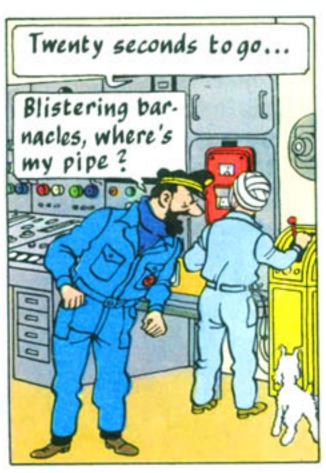






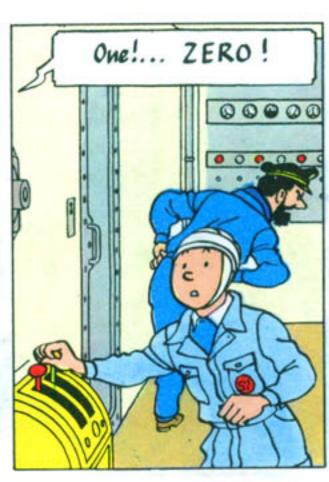


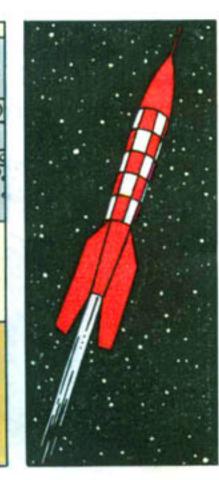












Observatory to Control Room...The nuclear motor has just taken over...All going well. Cut the auxiliary engine.

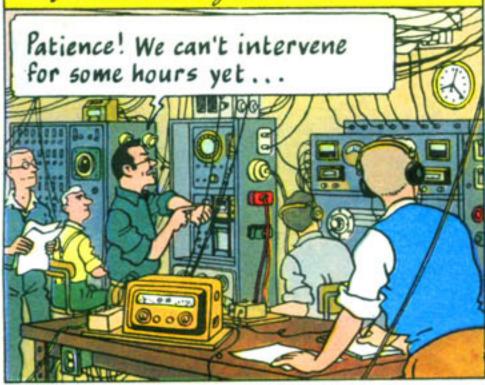








Meanwhile, many thousands of miles away...



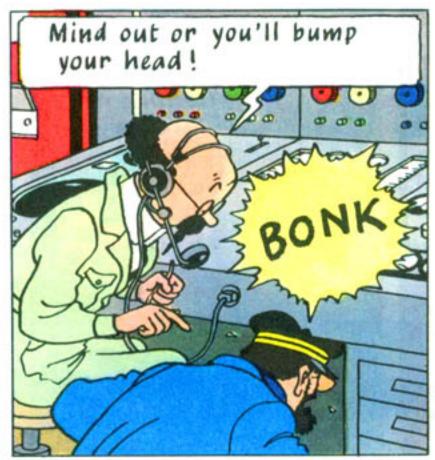




A trifling correction,













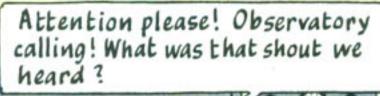


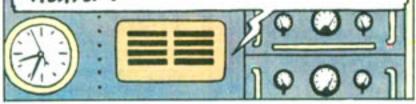














#### Many hours later ...

Observatory to Control Room... In three minutes the rocket will enter its orbit round the Moon...
Stand by ...



When this phase of the operation begins, the motor is stopped. Its own speed, combined with the force of lunar attraction, should cause the rocket to go round the Moon. We only resume radio-control when X-FLR 6 reappears







Observatory to Control Room... All in order... X-FLR 6 is safely in orbit round the Moon ...



In thirty seconds she will be out of our sight.





#### Meanwhile ...

Now their rocket is masked by the Moon!... We go into action in a few minutes...

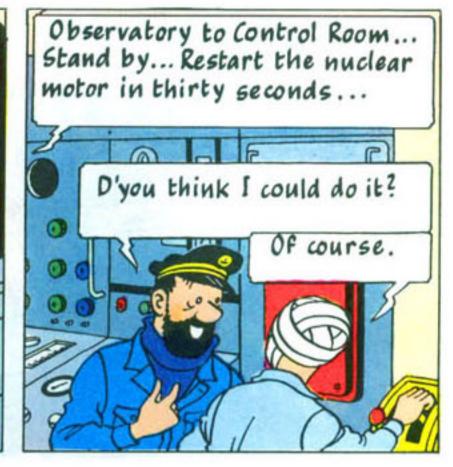


Just imagine! For the first time in history, cameras are now photographing the side of the Moon no one has ever seen! And it's thanks to us, my dear Wolff! Thanks to us!









Observatory to Control Room
... Ten seconds to go... Nine...
Eight... Seven... Six... Five...
Four... Three... Two... One... ZERO!











For heaven's sake make those corrections! You're taking no notice of the figures we're giving!



I beg your pardon, but I've followed you exactly!...I'm not deaf, am I?



Is something wrong,
Wolff?

The rocket is going off course. I don't know what it is...



Correction: seven.

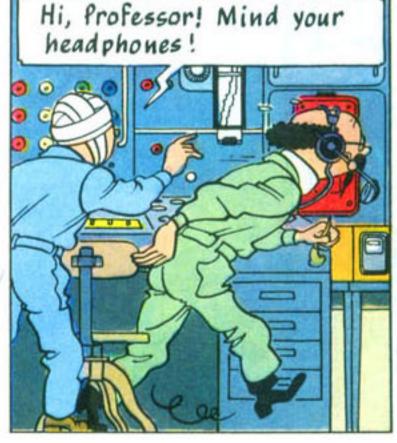
Thunaering typhoons, you wretched rocket! Will you get back on your course! You wait! I'll get you!



I can't understand it. The rocket is right out of control!

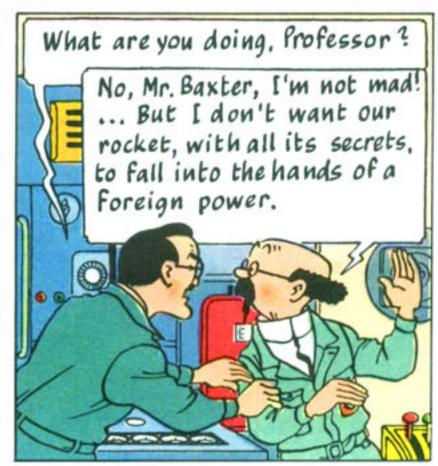




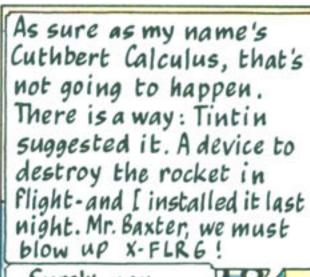






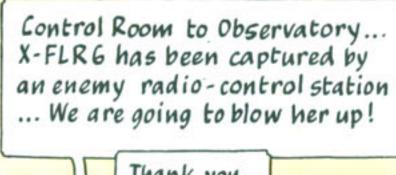






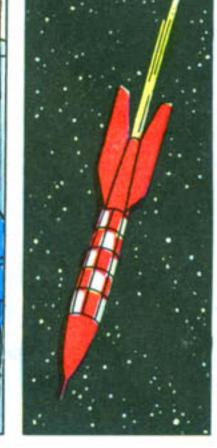


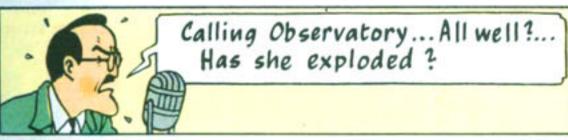








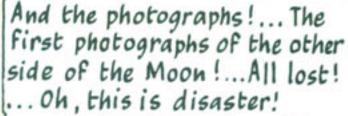




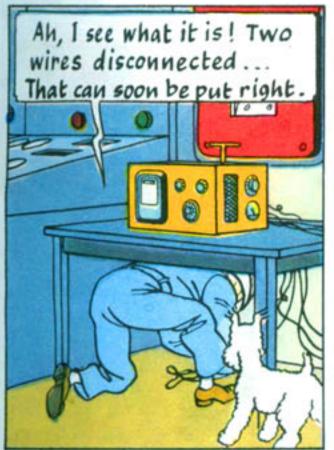


Oh misery!...Misery!...All is lost!...Our secrets, our discoveries, lost!... Everything will drop into foreign hands!...
This is appalling!





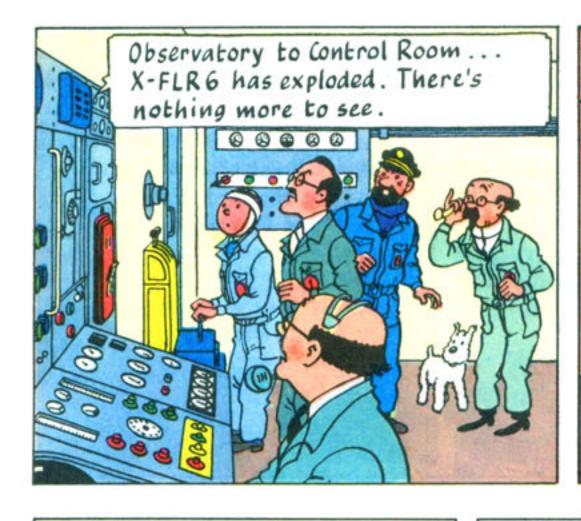




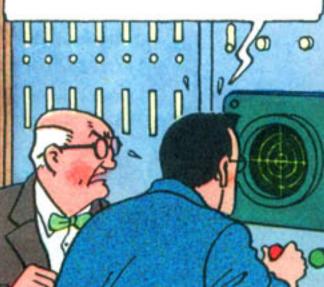






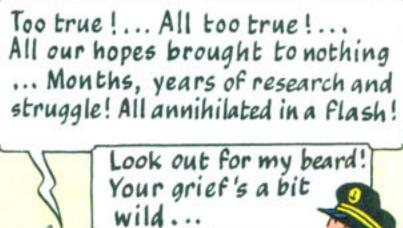


Accursed luck! They've foreseen everything! They'd sooner blow up their rocket than let it fall into our hands!



How did I get the idea?... Well, it occurred to me that the documents passed to the spies might contain all the details of the radio-control of our trial rocket... I confided my fears to Professor Calculus who immediately devised the mechanism to explode X-FLR6, should she be intercepted... You see what a good idea it was.





earch and na flash!

beard!

No, Professor Calculus, all is not lost! On the contrary, this is a triumph for you... Didn't your nuclear motor work perfectly? Didn't the rocket go to the Moon, and circle it?



Tintin is right! The trial was conclusive.
Don't be so downhearted.
Tomorrow we start work on another rocket. But not an experimental one - this will be the real Rocket, to carry you to the Moon!







I'm fed up with hanging about here, doing nothing.



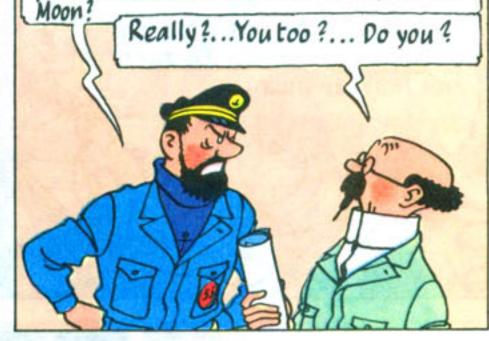
I ought to have stayed peacefully at Marlinspike, instead of fooling about in this dump, just to gratify the whims of a mad professor!



There he goes now ... I'll tell him a thing or two!... Hi, Professor!

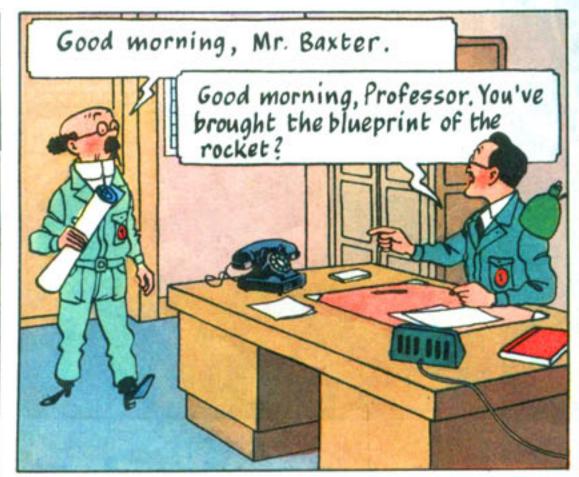


Look here, I've had enough of going round in circles in this confounded Centre! How soon do you propose this little week-end trip to the



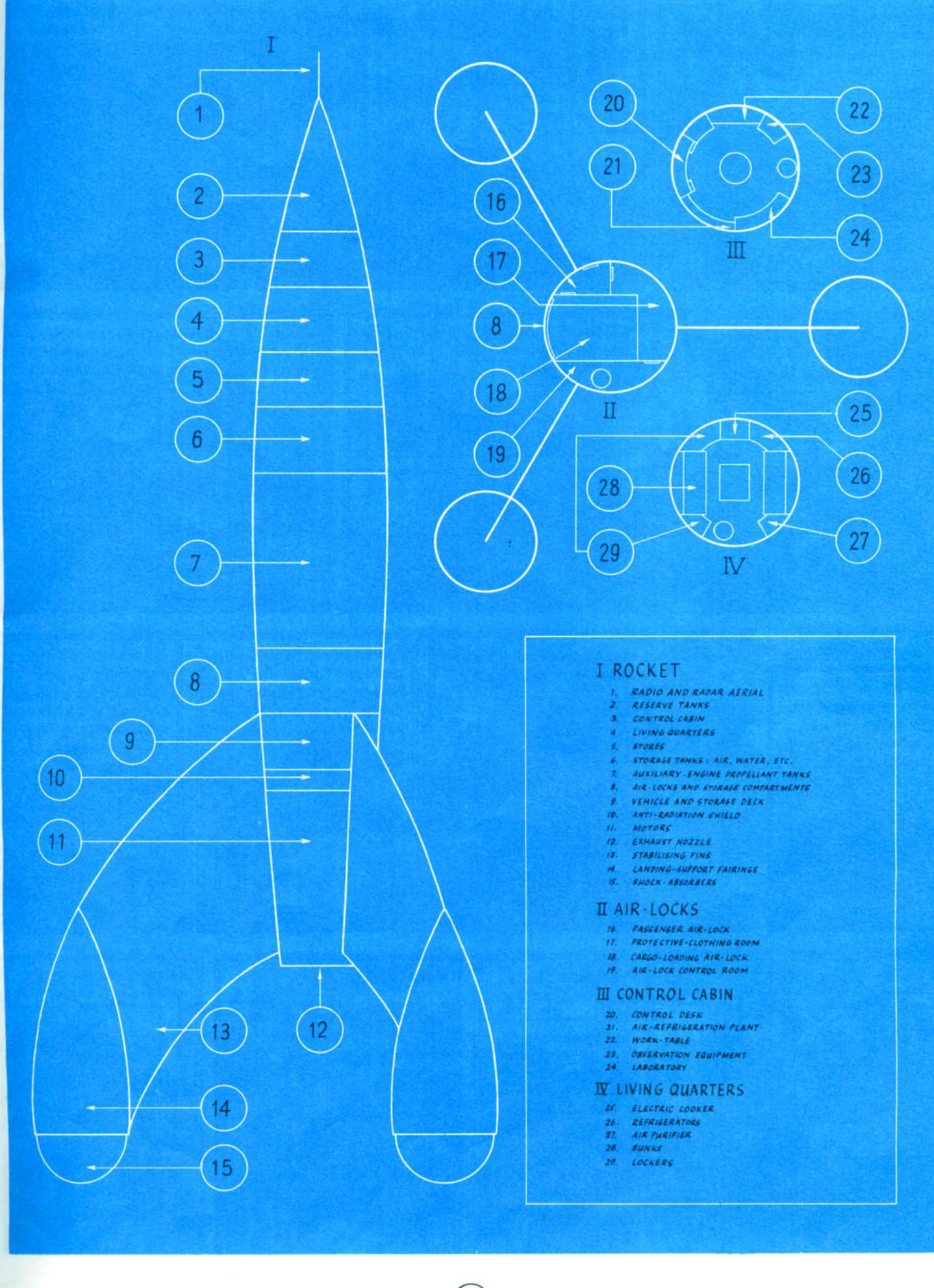
That's very odd. I have the same thing myself. But mine's in the right shoulder... A touch of rheumatism, I expect... It has been damp these last few days. But it will go. Excuse me: Mr. Baxter is waiting...





I'm afraid not, Mr. Baxter. But the blueprint is finished... Here... What do you think of it?



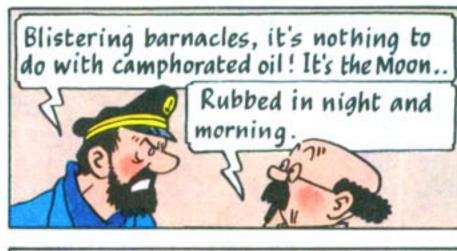








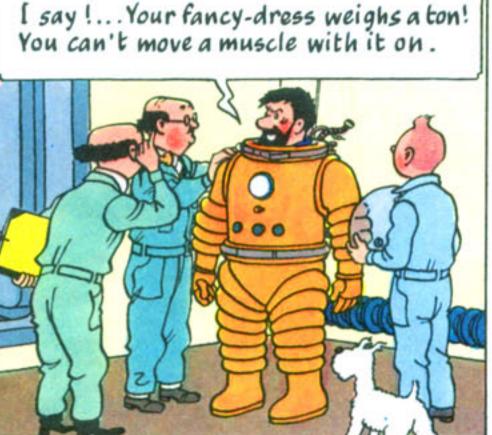












Don't worry, Captain. On the Moon things are six times lighter than on the Earth... Once up there, you'll feel as comfortable as if you were in a lounge suit.



First of all we'll reduce the pressure.
Yesterday we completed
air-tightness tests
with the suits. They
were excellent... If
anything is wrong,
shout "Stop"and we'll
restore normal pressure at once.



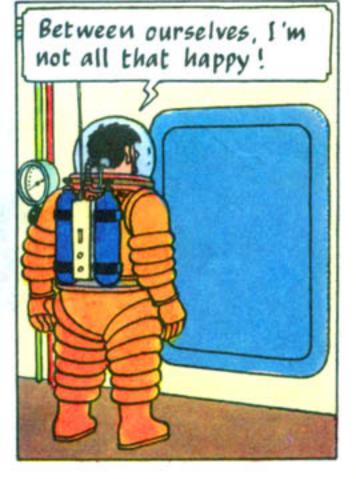


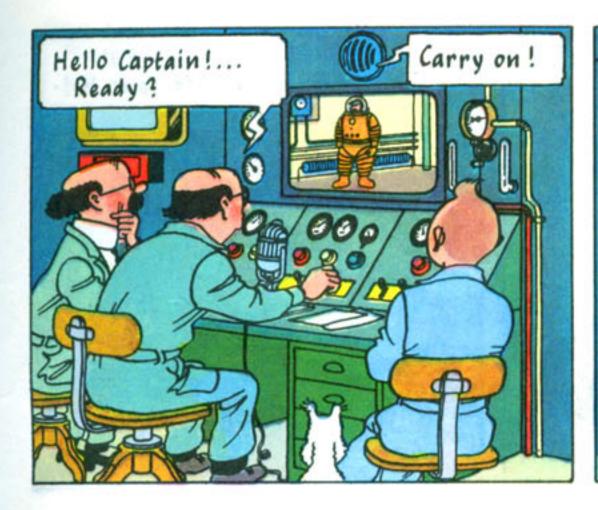


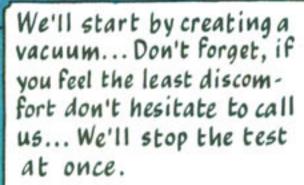


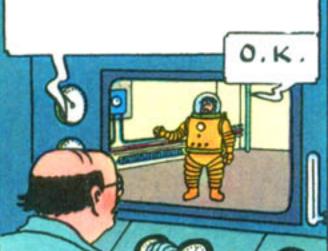
Testing the radio...Hello...

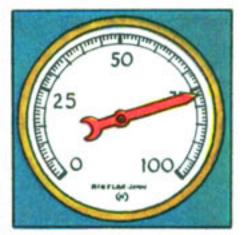


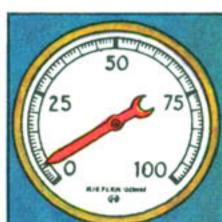






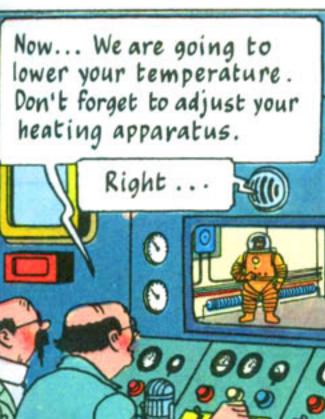




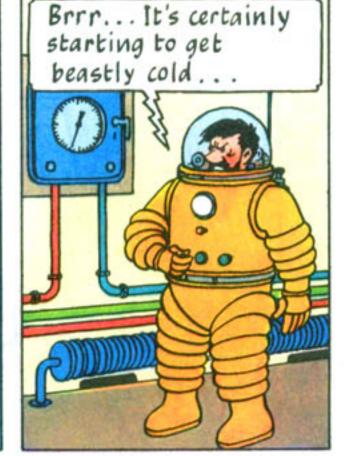


Pressure is now down to zero... You are almost in an absolute vacuum... How are you feeling?

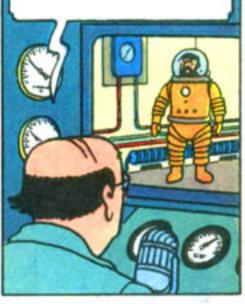




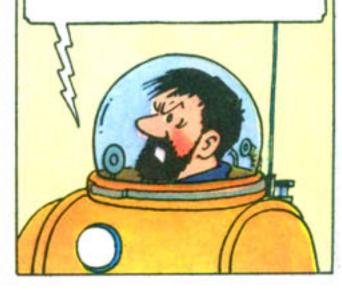


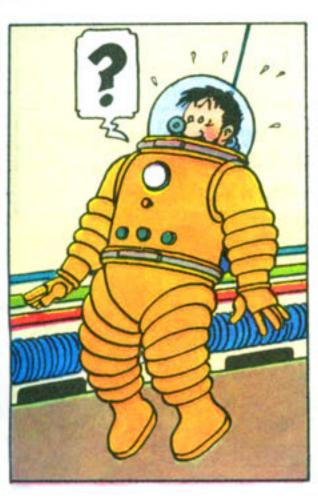


Fifty degrees below zero... Still all right?... Try to move about.

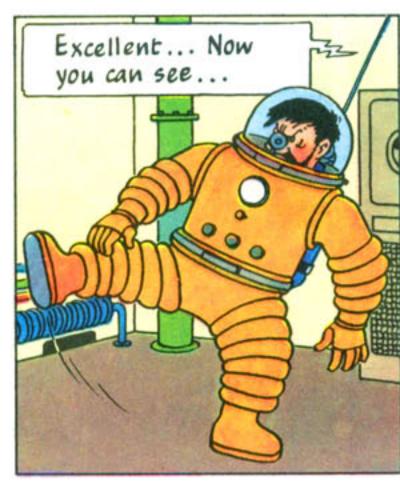


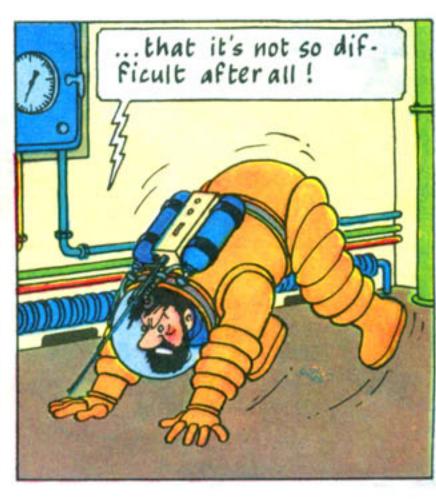
Try to move about?
With all this paraphernalia on? I'd like to
see you do it. I suppose
you could walk on your
hands!

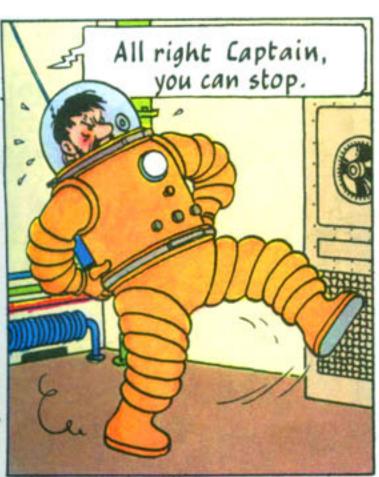








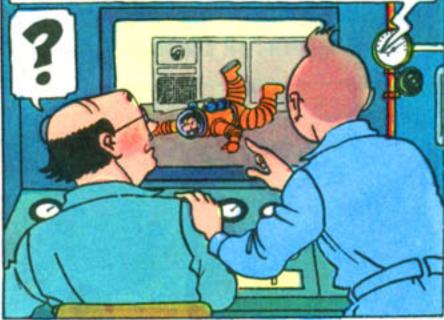


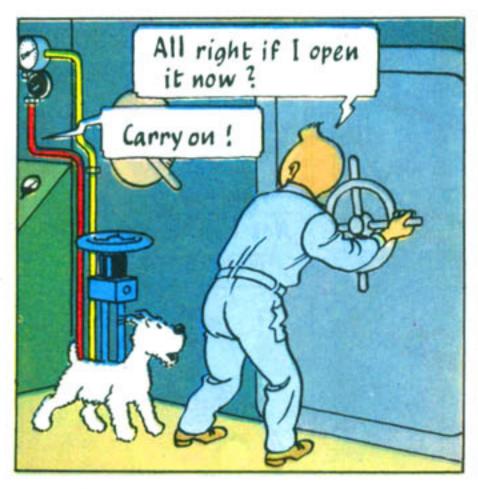






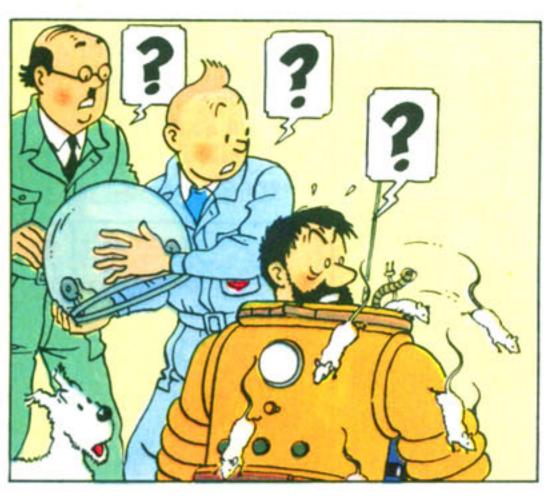
For heaven's sake Mr. Wolff, bring the pressure and temperature back to normal at once! Something's wrong!

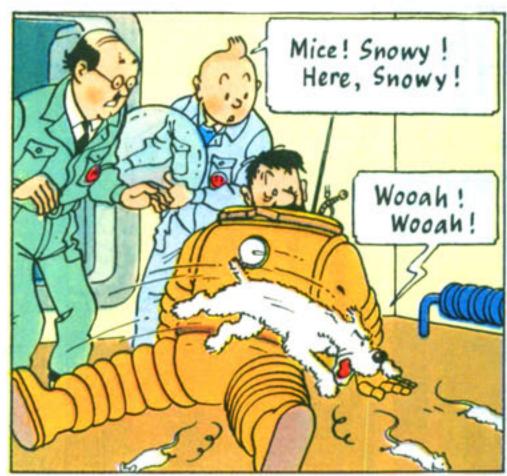






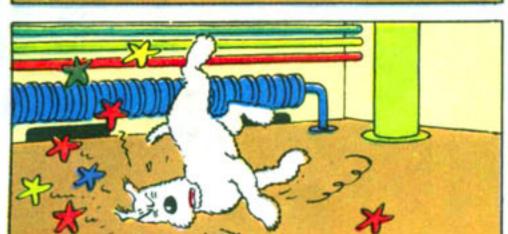
















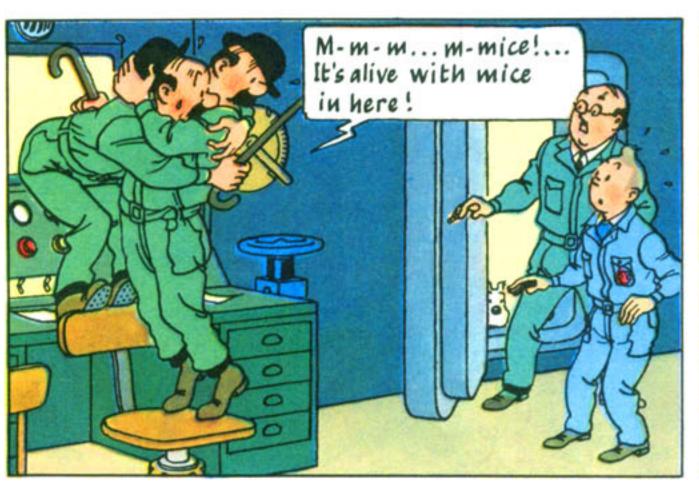
You could have called for ever, Captain. Your radio equipment is disconnected!

Disconnected! It'll be fun if that happens on the Moon!

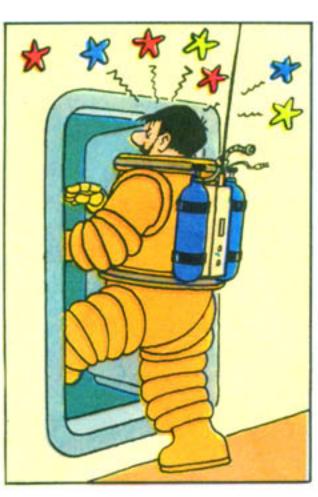
Anyway, it has proved that the suit is absolutely resistant to a vacuum, and low temperatures...What happened was just a little incident... quite unimportant

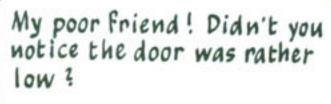


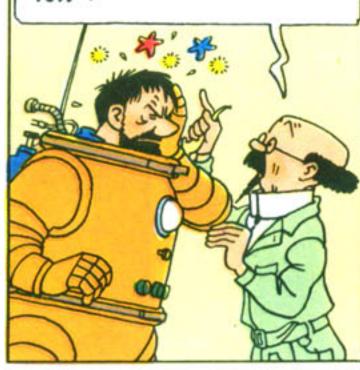












D'you think [ did it on purpose?... I suppose you think my favourite pastime is cracking my head against doors? Well, I've had enough! I've had enough of being a playmate for neurotic mice!



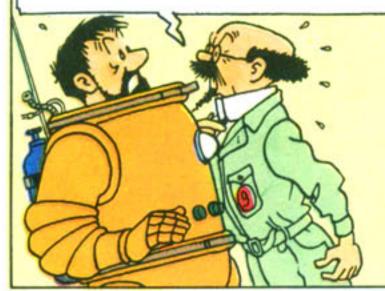
I've had enough, d'you understand?...You want to go to the Moon?...
Well go! But without me! I'm going home to Marlinspike!... And you can go on acting the goat here for as long as you like!

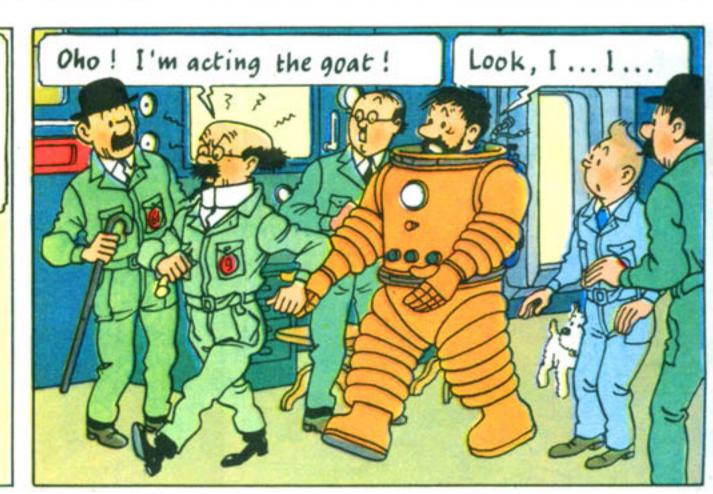


Oh, I'm acting the goat?
... I'm acting the goat,
am I?...I...This...this is
too much! I, acting the
goat!...I demand an apology...An apology, you hear?
...You have no right to say such
a thing!...Acting the goat!

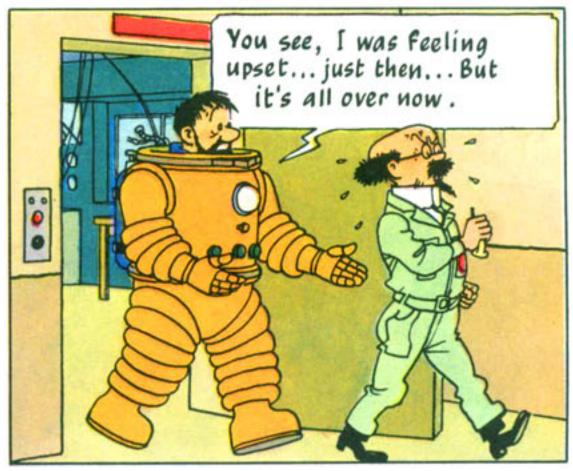


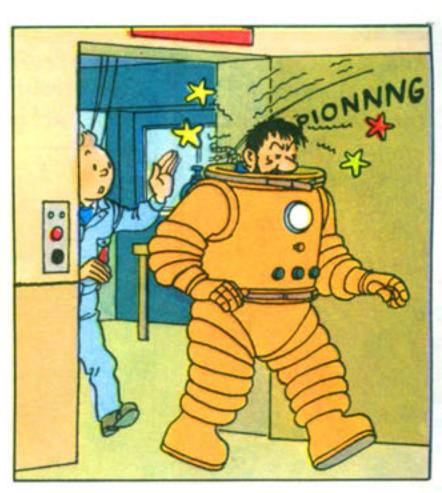
To dare say such a thing to me!...You!...You!...You follow me...!'ll show you just how [ act the goat!... Come along!





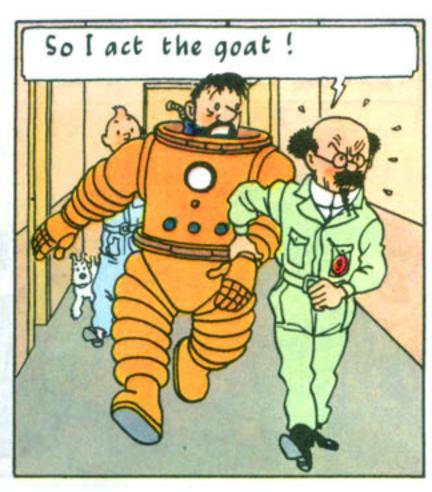




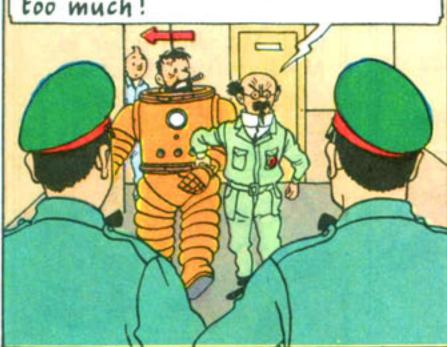


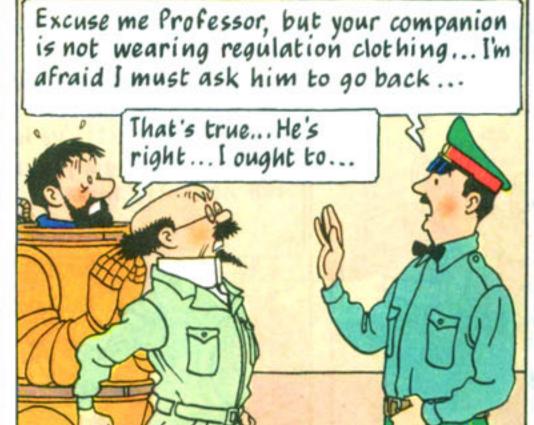






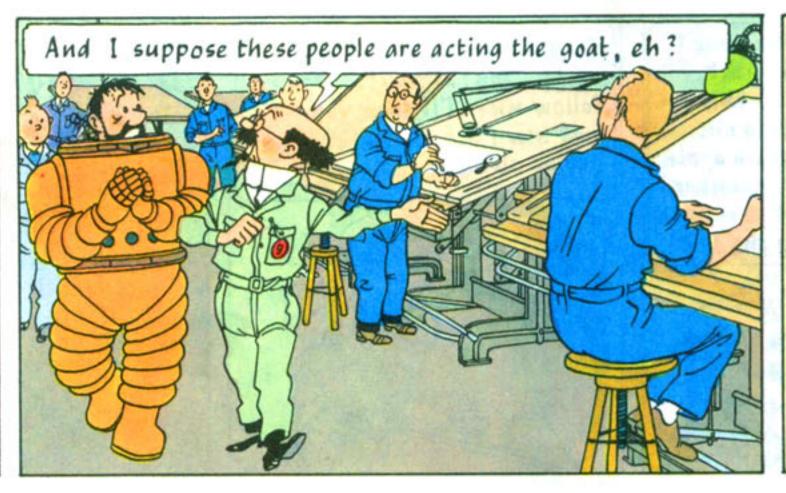
Slaving for two months non-stop, working myself to the bone, all to hear myself called a goat!...[t's too much!







Professor, I implore I'm acting the goat, eh?



Chief of Internal Security... What?...Professor Calculus?...Making a scene? Says he's acting the goat?...I'll teach him to act the goat

Yes, this is the

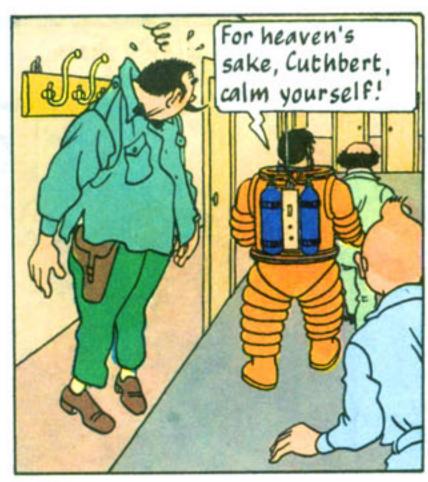
And the atomic pile, never stopping?...
The uranium being made?...The laboratories working day and night?...That's all acting the goat too, I suppose?



Well, Professor, what's all this about? I hear someone's acting the goat.

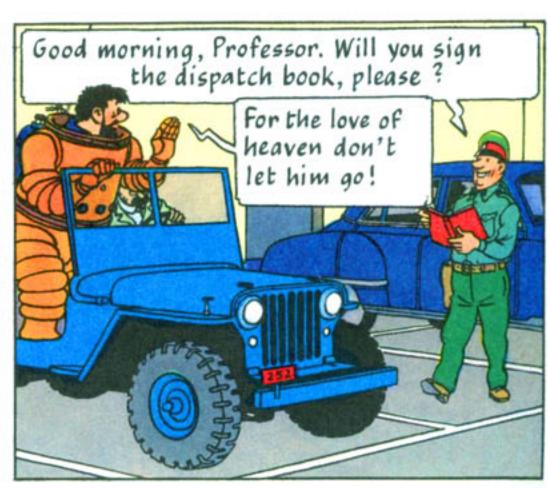














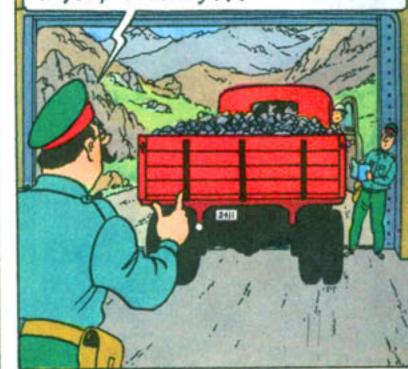




Hello!...Garage here...A jeep driven by Professor Calculus has left without permission ...Stop it!



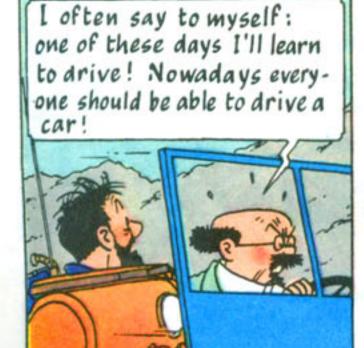
Quick, clear the entrance and close the doors. There's a jeep coming...



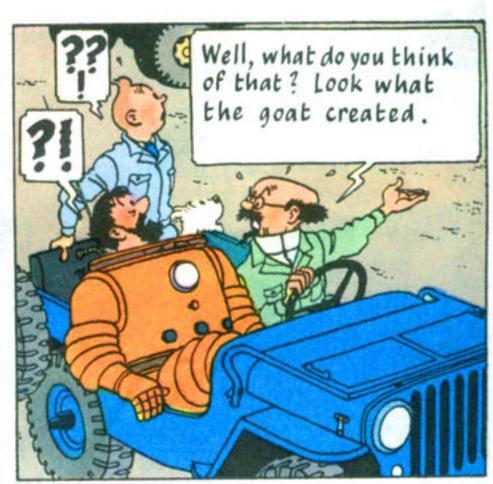


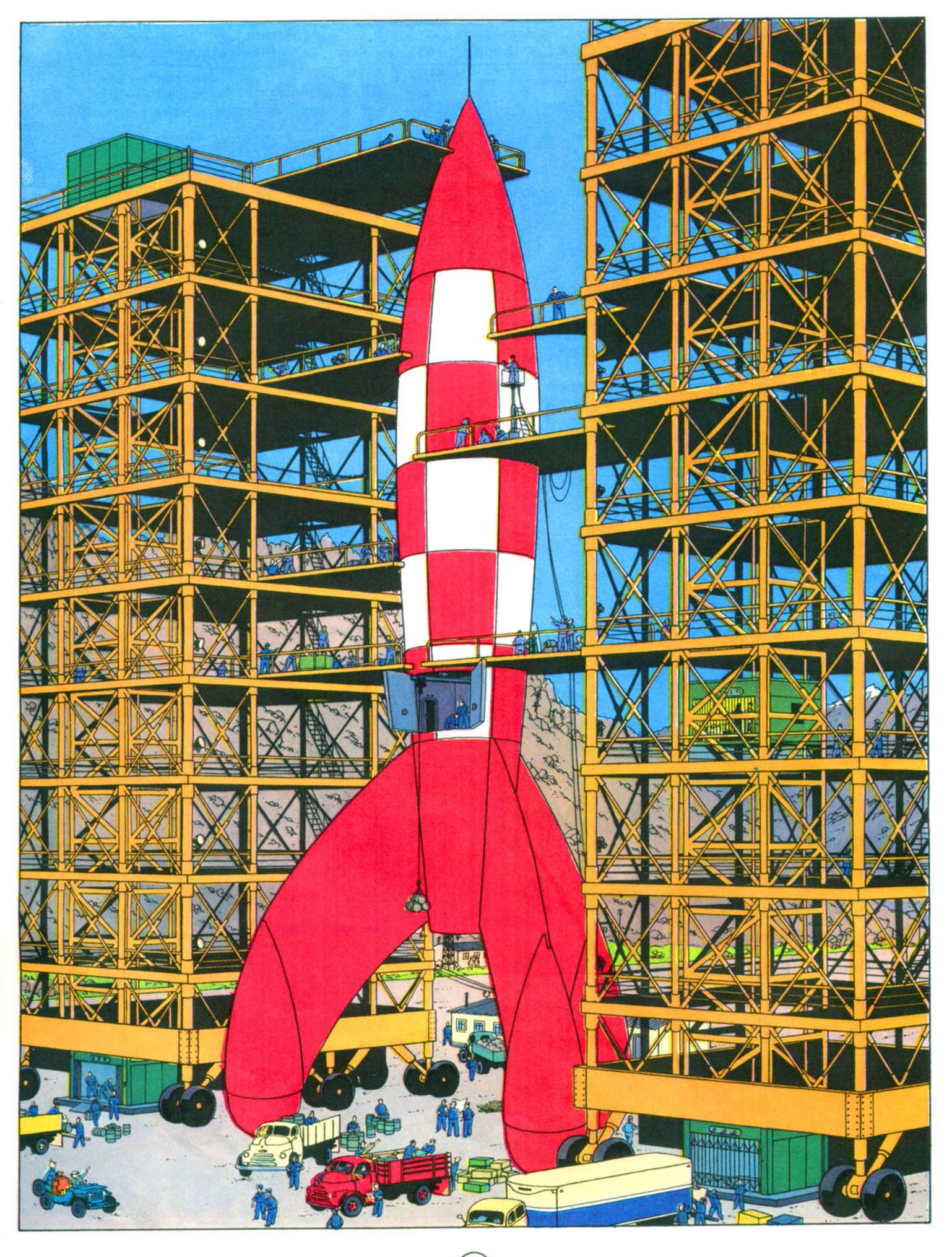




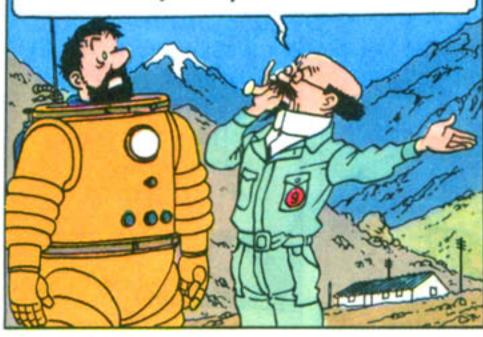








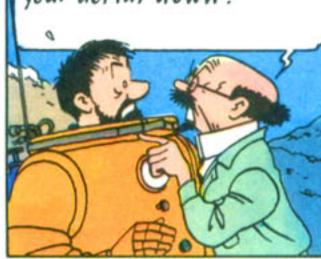
Well, what about it?...Look what I created - I, Cuthbert Calculus!...
And that, I suppose, is what you call "acting the goat"?



You think this...this crackpot contraption will take you to the Moon?



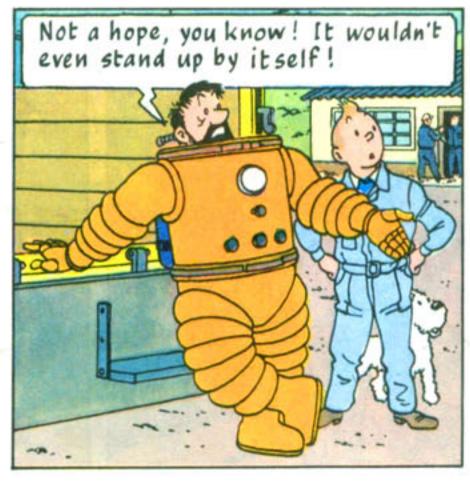
This crackpot contraption, as you call it, is taking you to the Moon, as well ... Understand? Meanwhile, you're going to look over it ... And put your aerial down!

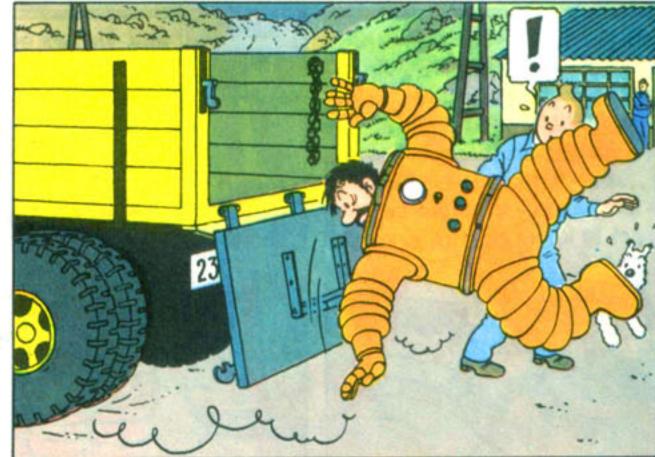


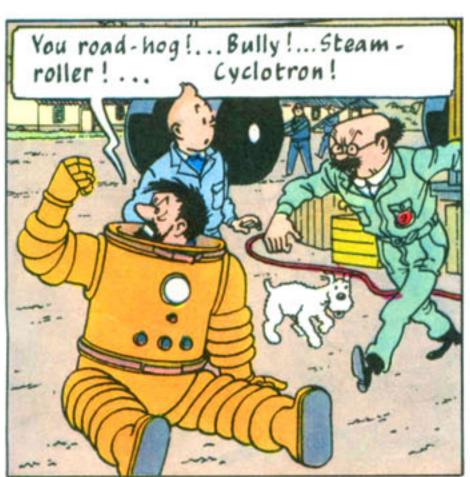


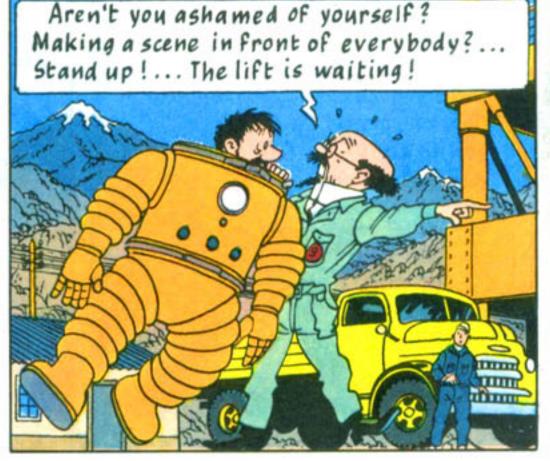
Poor Calculus, he must have a screw loose...How do you suppose that monument could go up in the air?... You might just as well play a penny whistle in front of Nelson's Column and expect it to dance a samba!

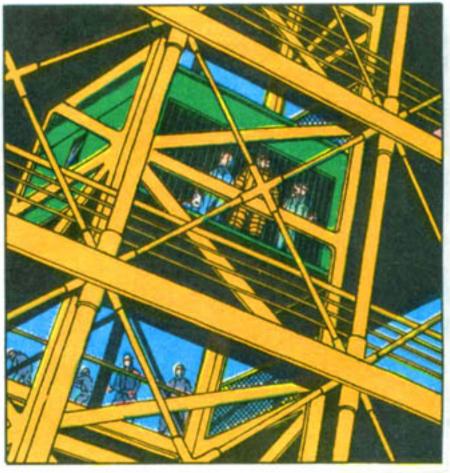


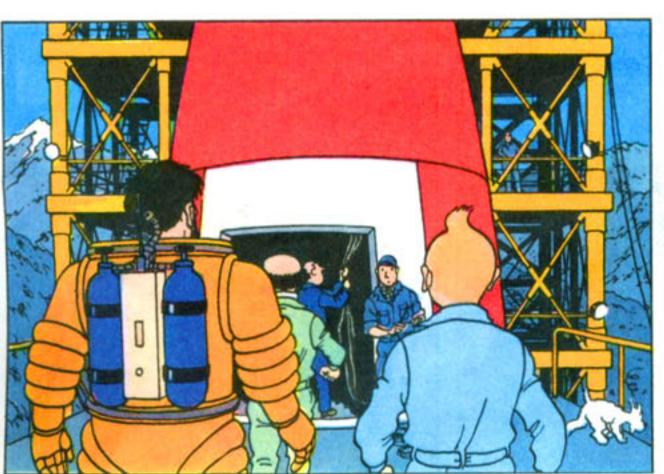










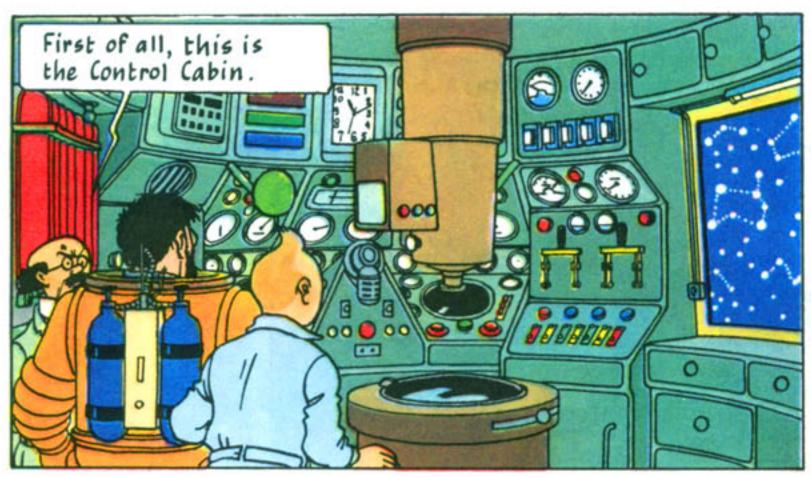


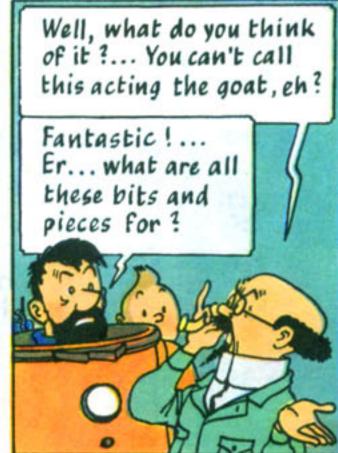


#### Meanwhile ...

Hello... Hello... yes... I've just had a message from our new agent... The launching takes place in a month: June the 3rd., at 1:34 a.m.... Yes, that's it. Send Col. onel Jorgen to me.





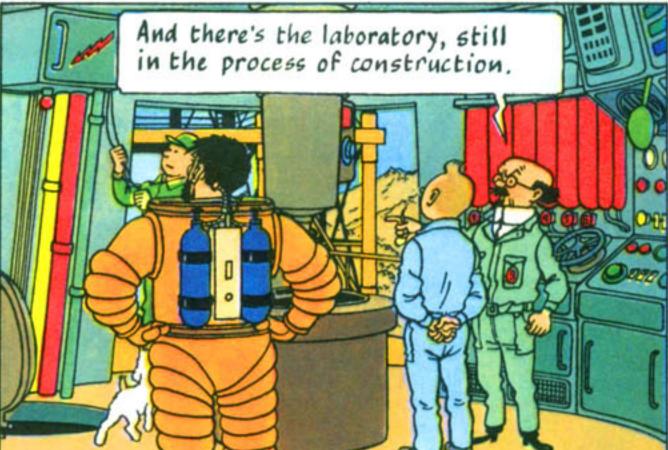


All these bits and pieces, sir, are instruments for navigation and control. On the main instrument desk are the controls for the nuclear motor, the auxiliary engine, radar, wireless, television, automatic air purifier, etc...

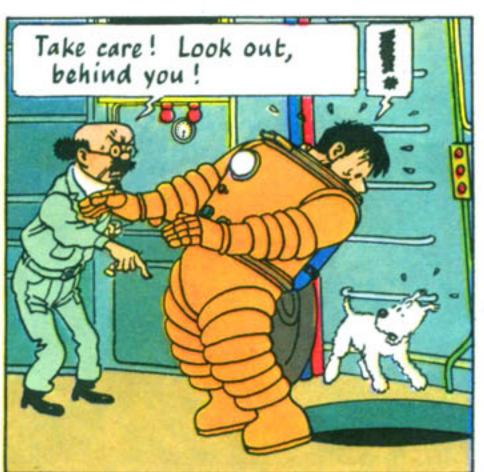


To the left of the desk are the oxygen cylinders...
That's the periscope, in the middle of the cabin, with its projection screen...But believe me, you'll have plenty of time to get to know all this equipment.

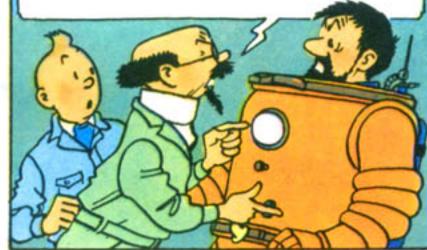




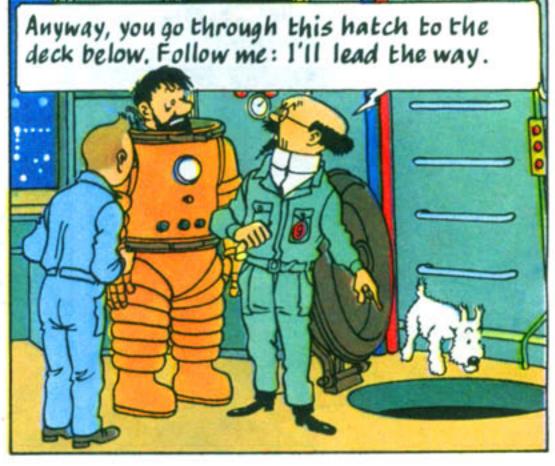


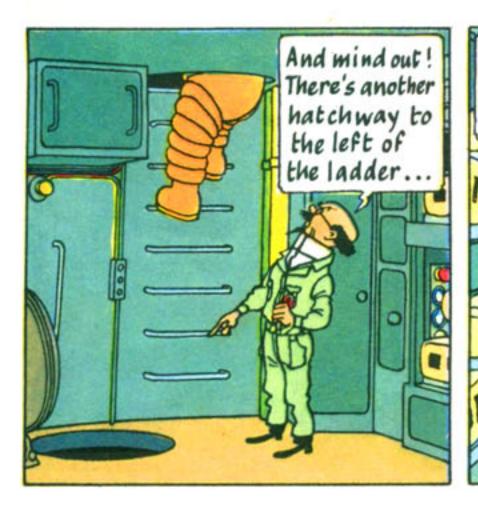


I believe you do it on purpose, don't you?... Every time there's a chance to bump yourself, or sprawl on the floor, you take it!... Can't you pay attention?

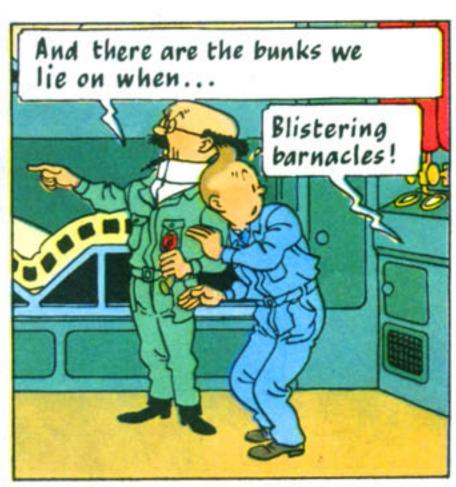


We are now in the living quarters. This



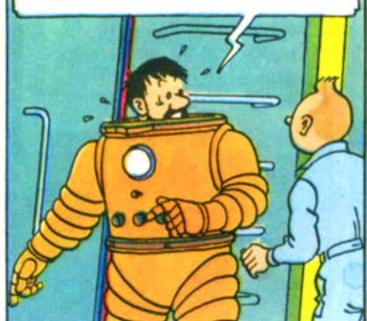


will be our bedroom, kitchen, and dining room, all in one.



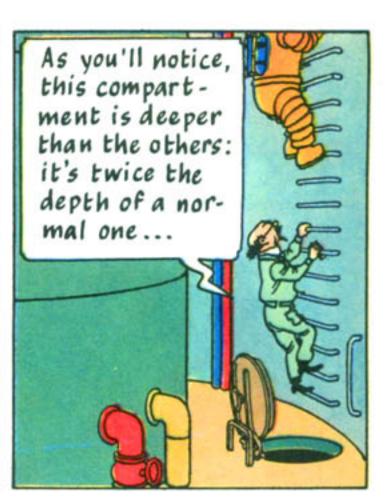


I almost fell down that confounded hole. Luckily I just managed to save myself.



You see?... Even after I told you to be careful!... I know I may act the goat, but at least I look where I am going!... Now we'll go down to the next deck.





Once and for all, Captain, do take care! There's another hatch here. You be careful too, Tintin. And mind Snowy...



There are the storage tanks... Drinking water, and motor propellant. The propellant is for the auxiliary engine, which, as you know, is for launching and landing.



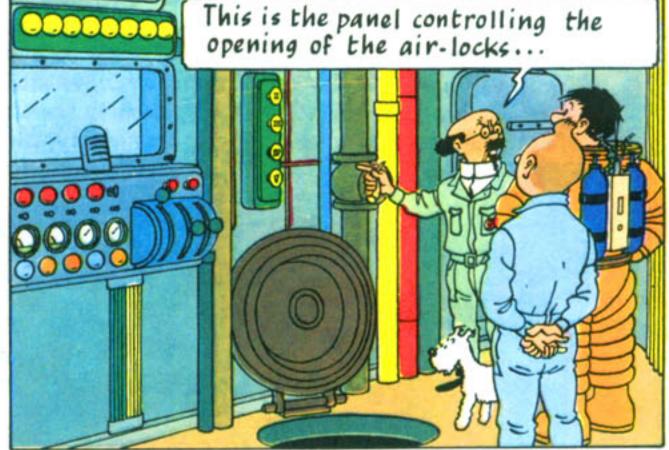
Stars above, Captain! Don't stand so near that hole! Are you trying to break your neck?



To make it possible to leave and re-enter the rocket when we are in space, we've had to provide a system of air-locks ... You will see the mechanism for these on the deck below







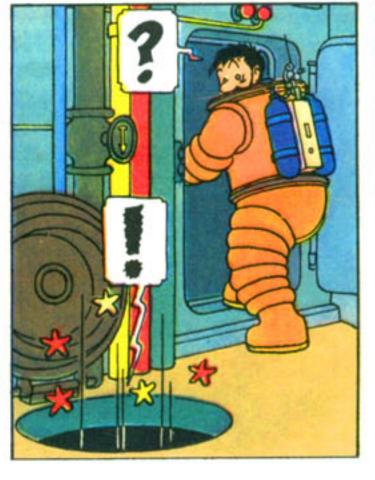


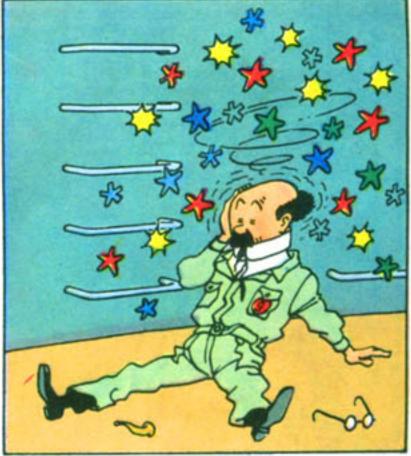
Right, I'll go... You can look round the large storage compartment, through that door...
I'll come straight back.

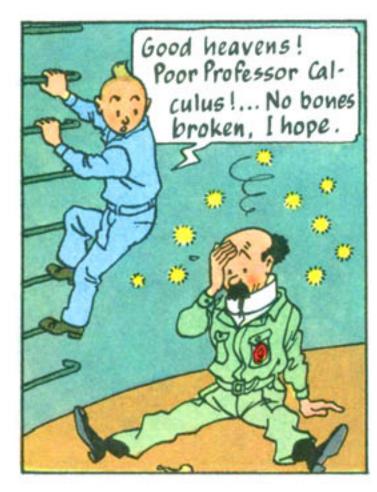


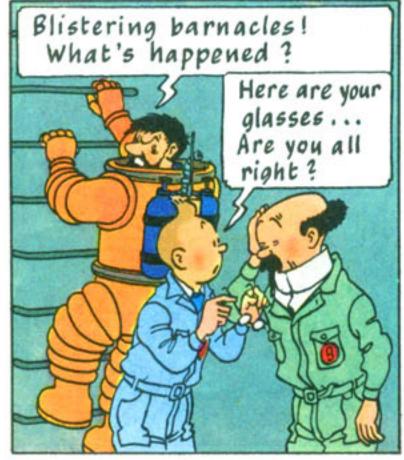
And look where you're going, Captain ... There's a step!

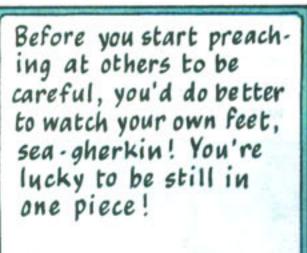
















Fancy dress ?... Look here. don't begin acting the... er... I mean, don't try pulling my leg! We've had enough of that!





This is a fine thing! What a way to behave ... and you a responsible man... It's preposterous!...You nearly caused a dozen accidents! ... What's biting you?



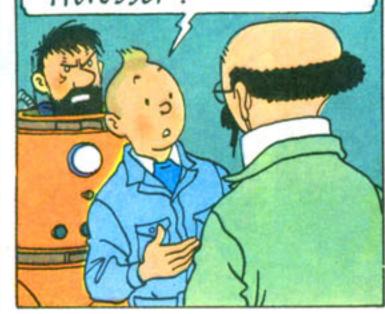
1 ... er ... I don't understand ... What... what do you want? ... Where am [?



Where are you?... Billions of blue blistering barnacles, you know as well as we do where you are, you anacoluthon!



Look, Professor, you remember!... You were just showing us over your Moonrocket ... Professor ?... Professor?



I think this is serious ... I believe he's lost his memory... We must take him back to the Centre without delay, and warn Mr. Baxter at once.





Well, gentlemen, it's not too bad is it?... You'll cure him for us?

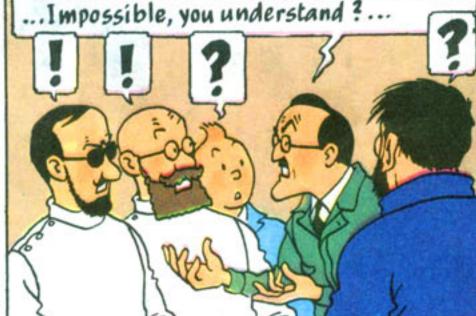


Hmm, it's hard to say ... One can't tell at once ... We must wait and see... There may be some improvement ... One should never give up hope ...

> At all events, it's a most interesting case.



But he must be cured! He alone. he alone, d'you hear, knows the secret of the nuclear motor! Without him the Moon project is impossible ... Impossible, you understand?...



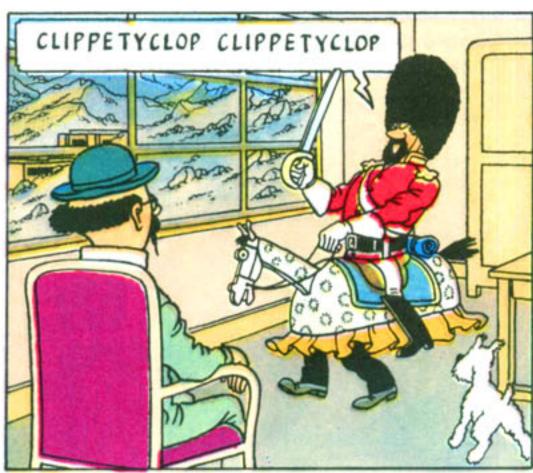
Hmm...yes... | see... Well, we'll do all we can... But try to amuse him yourselves, to arouse some memory... That sometimes works... It is also possible that a violent shock might bring back his memory.



That's no good... Let me try... The doctor told us to amuse him... A fortnight ago we had that fancy-dress party at the Centre... You remember the guard on horse-well, you'll see...







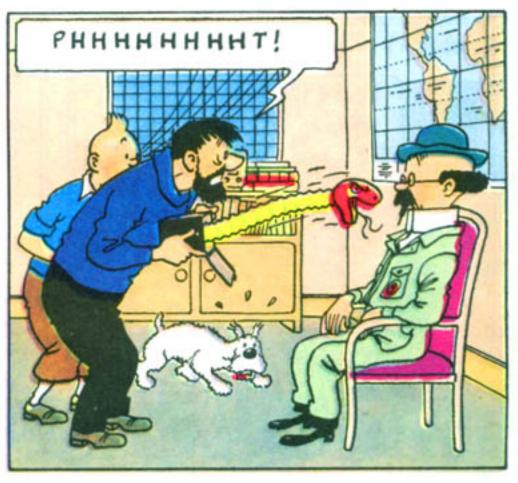








A pretty picture of our



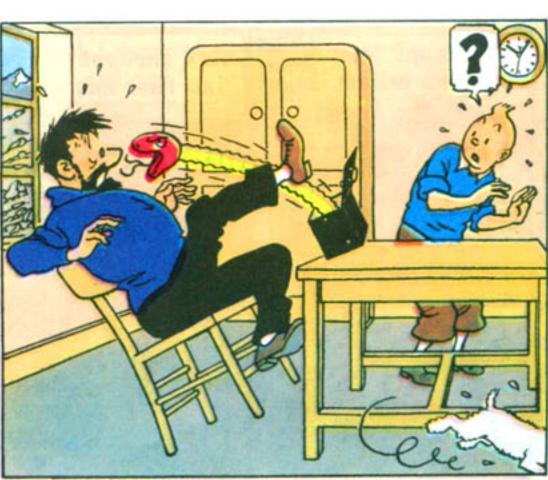
Blistering barnacles, that's no use! He reacted about as much as a tombstone!





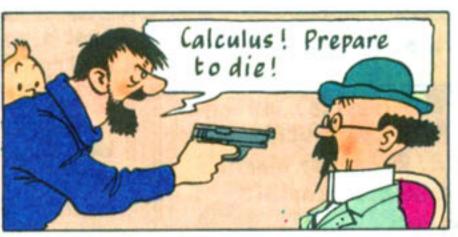


Amusing him did





















Blistering barnacles,















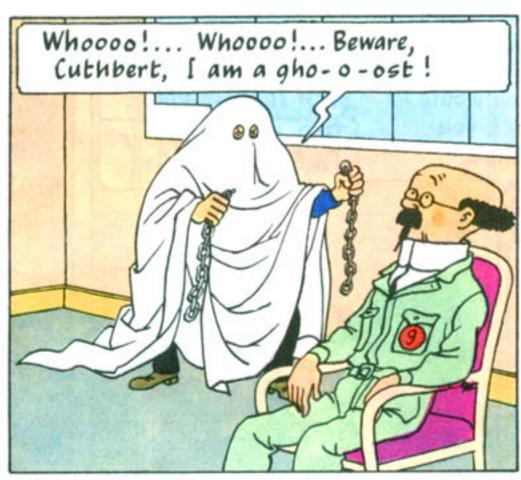




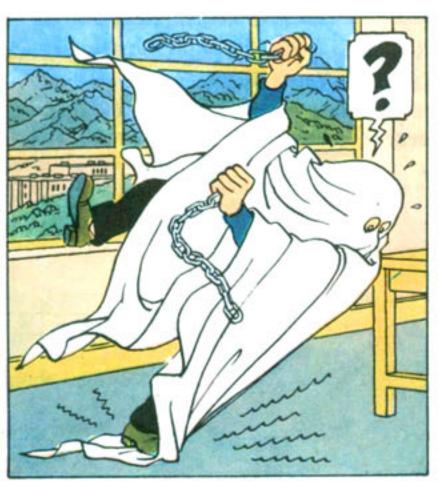


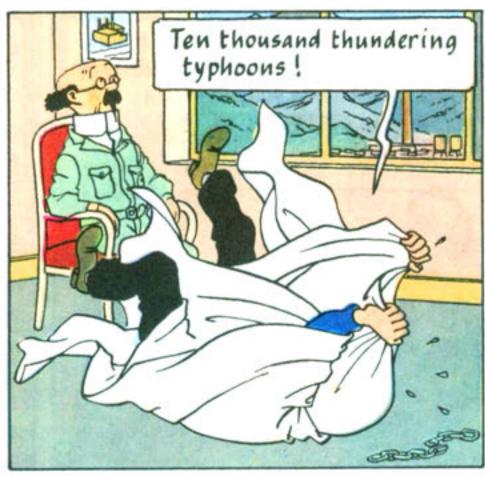


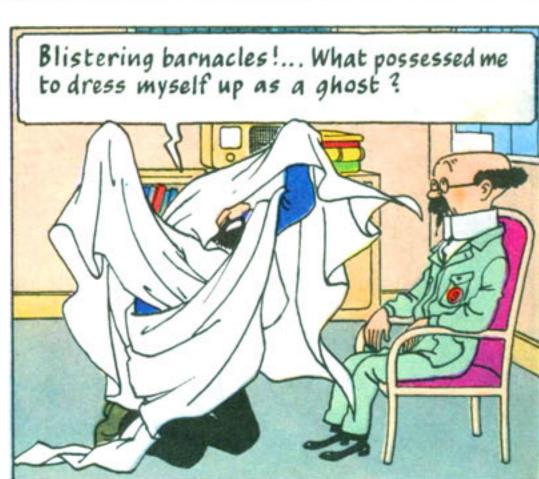


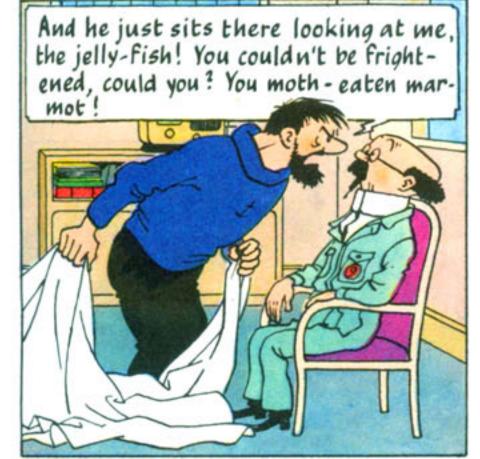














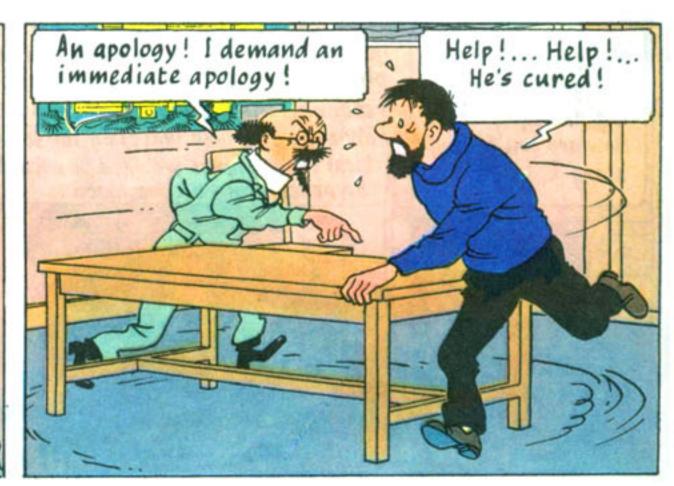








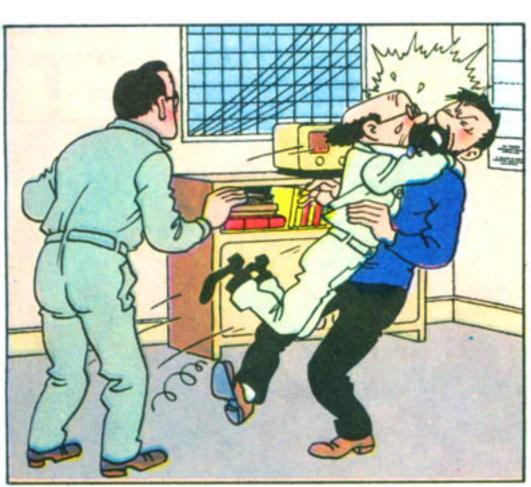










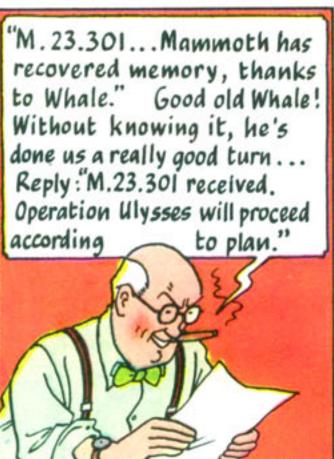




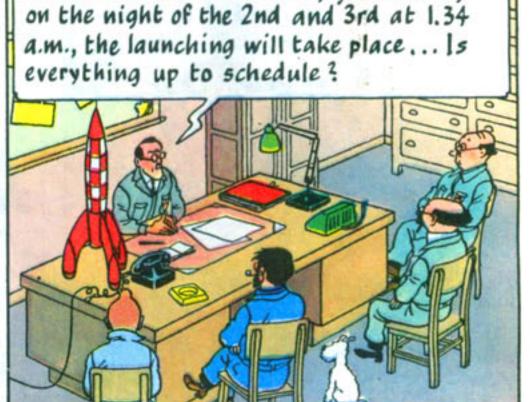


I thank you too in the name of









. And in one week's time, gentlemen,





Unfortunately the factory at

Oberköchen tells me there's been

a delay in production. But they've



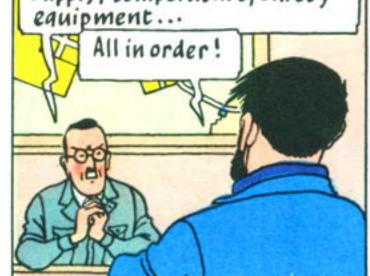
You heard that, gentlemen? The ZEPO have just arrested three people wandering inside the Security Area. Of course they said they wanted to climb Mount Zstophnole, and had lost their way... Whenever they arrest anybody it's the same story...



You see, despite all the precautions we take, a determined man can always find a way through the defences.

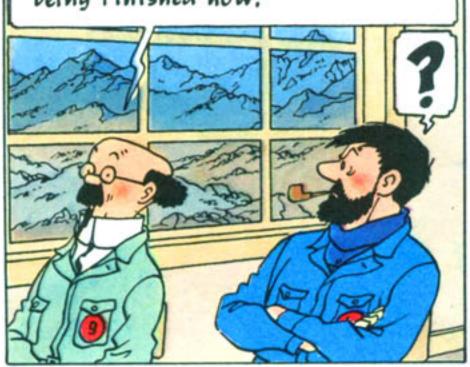


But where were we?...Oh yes... So on your side, Wolff, everything is in order, except for the delay with the optical instruments... What about you Captain? Air supply, temperature, safety equipment...

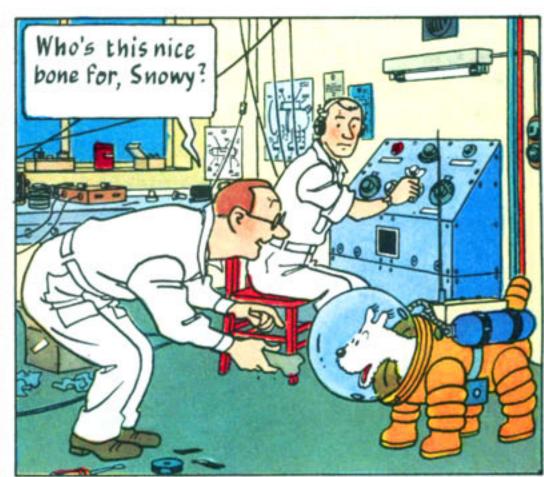




Everything is ready, Mr. Baxter, except for Snowy's space-suit. That is just being finished now.

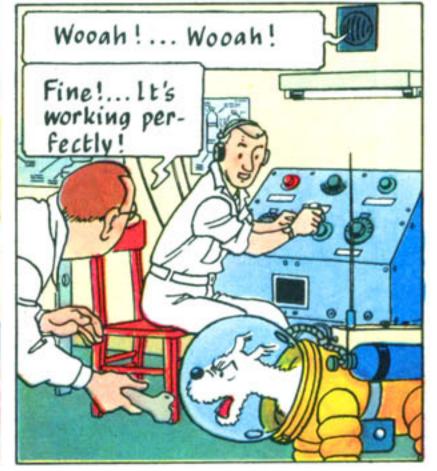


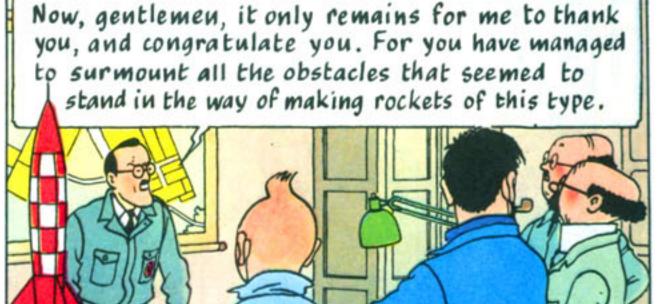




















Billions of blue blistering barnacles!... And all through looking at our wonder-boy Calculus! Thundering typhoons!



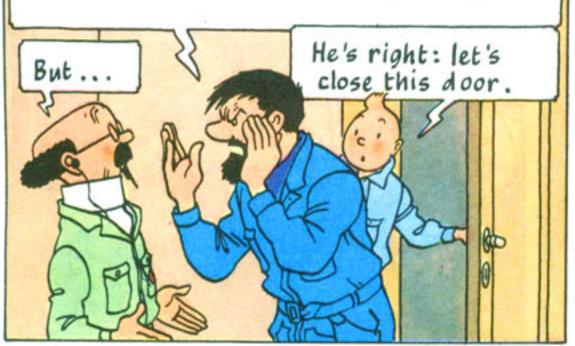




In the first place, I never was deaf... Just a little hard of hearing in one ear... But for the Moon journey I need to hear the radio signals perfectly... So that's why I obtained a hearing aid...



You couldn't have told us before, could you?...
And stopped me from bumping into that
door!... And of all the crazy things...







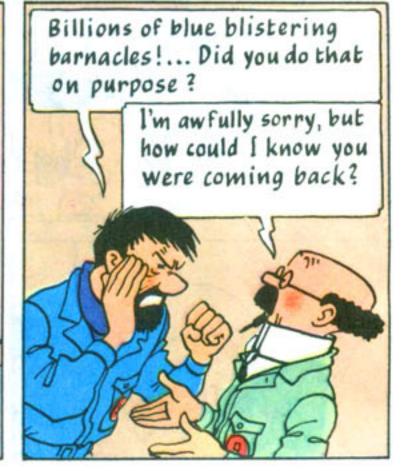
Billions of blue blistering barnacles!...
Who's the joker who shut this door?...
Why couldn't he wait till I'd gone out?...



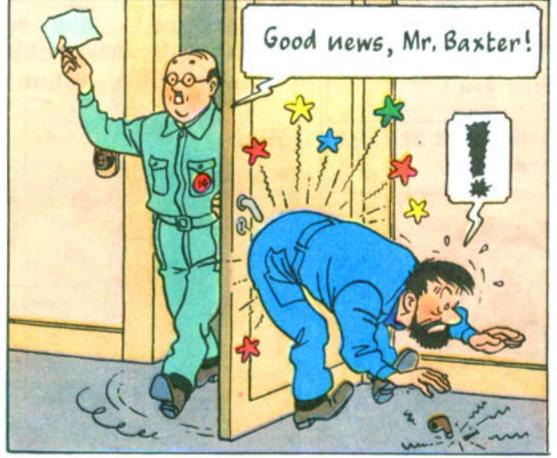


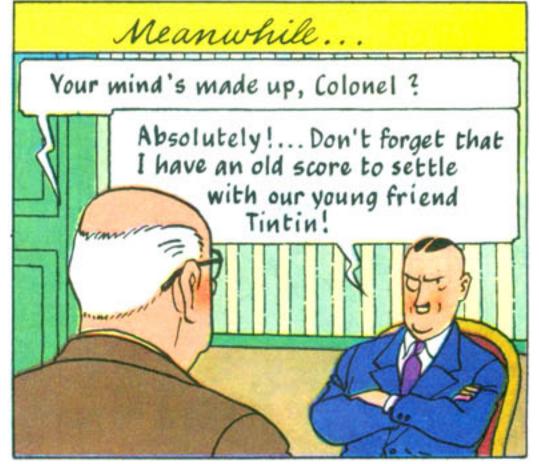


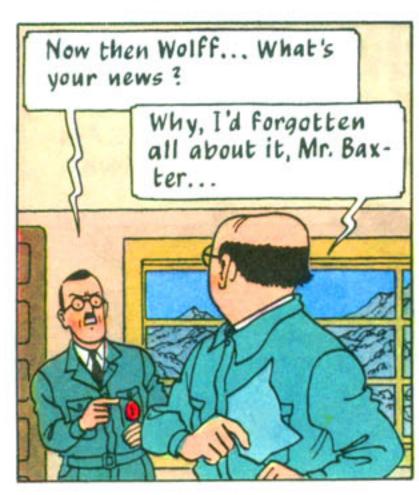




That's the last time a door wallops me! ... Ah, here's my pipe ... Lucky it isn't broken!





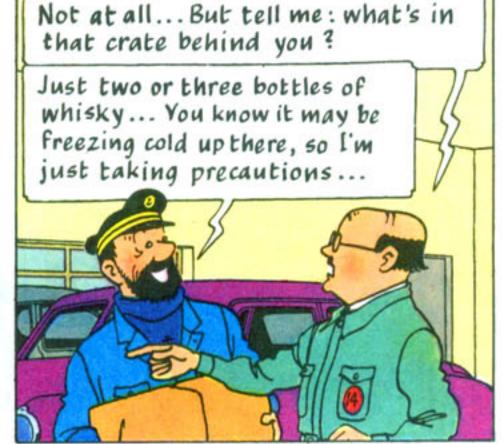








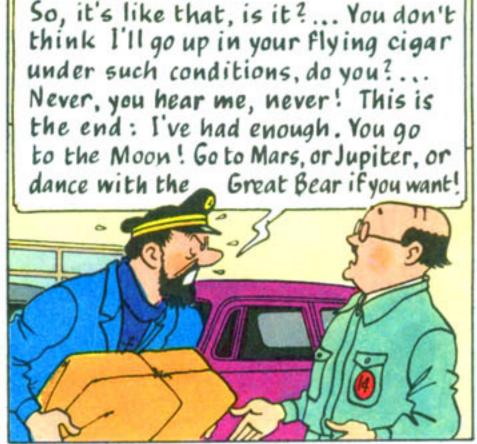






Forgive me, Captain, but I have explicit instructions; no smoking on board...The oxygen supplies are more than sufficient for the journey, there and back, but we can't waste them ... Believe me, I'm terribly sorry ...









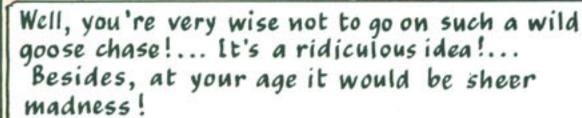
Anything wrong, blistering barnacles? Only that I'm not allowed to take a little whisky and a few ounces of tobacco! And under such conditions I refuse to go!... That's what's wrong!







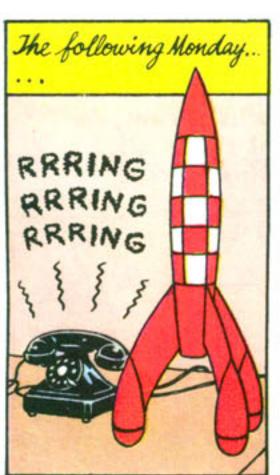






What? At my age?!... I suppose you take me for a rusty old tub, ready for the scrap-heap?... You'll see how old I am, you Bashibazouks!... I'm going, d'you hear?... And I'll send you a postcard from the Moon!







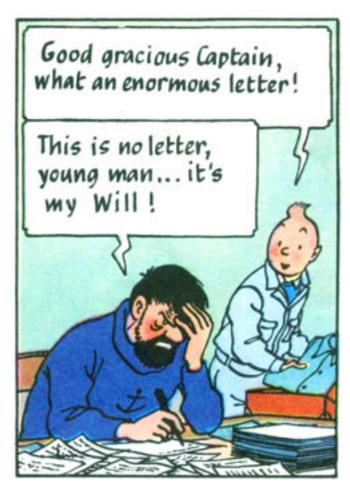
The optical instruments have arrived safely, Mr. Baxter. They're being stowed aboard now...
The launching can take place tonight, at the scheduled time...



#### Meanwhile ...

From these tables you can tell instantly, with the aid of your electronic computers, the exact position and velocity of our rocket...



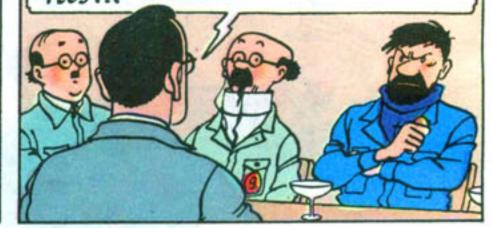


## And that evening ...

Gentlemen, the great day-or rather, the great night-has arrived... In a few hours you will embark upon the greatest adventure the world has ever known... How anxiously we shall follow your progress towards the Moon!



For you will certainly run grave risks... A simple short-circuit means a crash on the Earth or the Moon, or an everlasting journey in space... There are great hazards on landing, and taking off from the Moon... You may be pulverised by meteorites...



You are aware of all these dangers, and you have chosen to brave them... But there is another thing... The fate of the trial rocket could be re-enacted... Our enemies could try to divert you from your course

by giving you false directions, in order to seize the rocket...



It looks like being a jolly outing!



Never fear Mr. Baxter... We would all prefer to blow ourselves up, rather than let that happen!

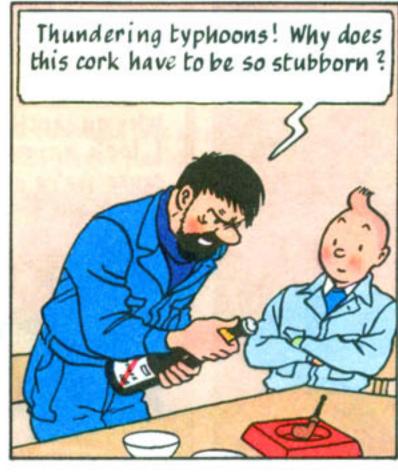


Good-evening, Minister
... This is Miller speaking... I've just received
the following signal:
"Mission completed.
Operation Ulysses going
ahead" All is well!



Blow yourselves up? I trust you will not be driven to that extremity! If anything has to go with a bang, let's make it the cork from this bottle! Will you, Captain?







Are you proposing to teach me how to open a bottle of champagne?

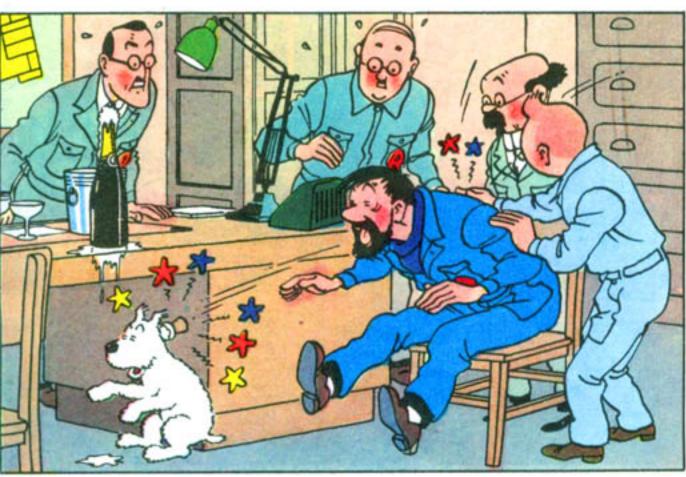


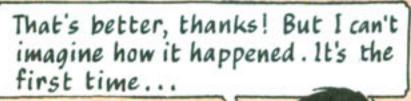
















That's got a kick in it!... Champagne doesn't agree with me... It's making my head spin!



Gentlemen, I raise my glass to the success of our enterprise... And I drink the health of the first men to set foot upon the Moon...

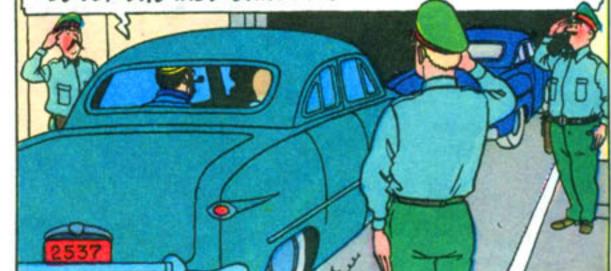


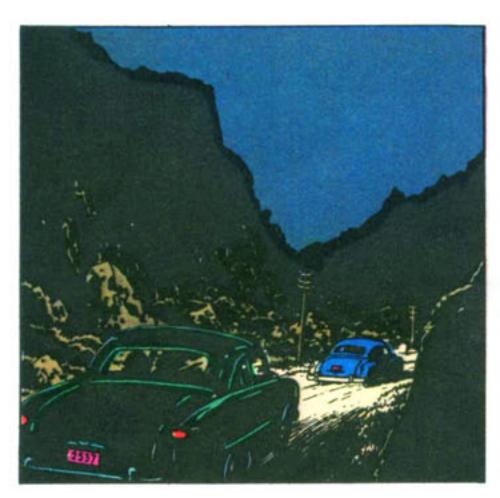
And now the hour of departure approaches...The cars are waiting to take us to the launching site... Come, gentlemen!



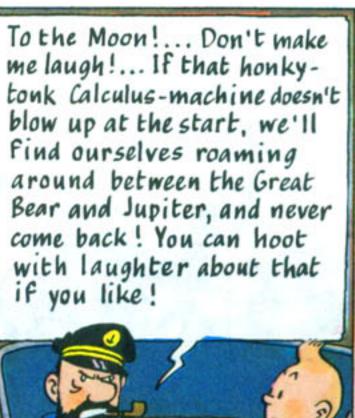
## A few minutes later ...

Hail Caesar: those about to die salute thee!...
But here they're saluting us, blistering barnacles! And who knows, by thunder: it may
be for the last time!...

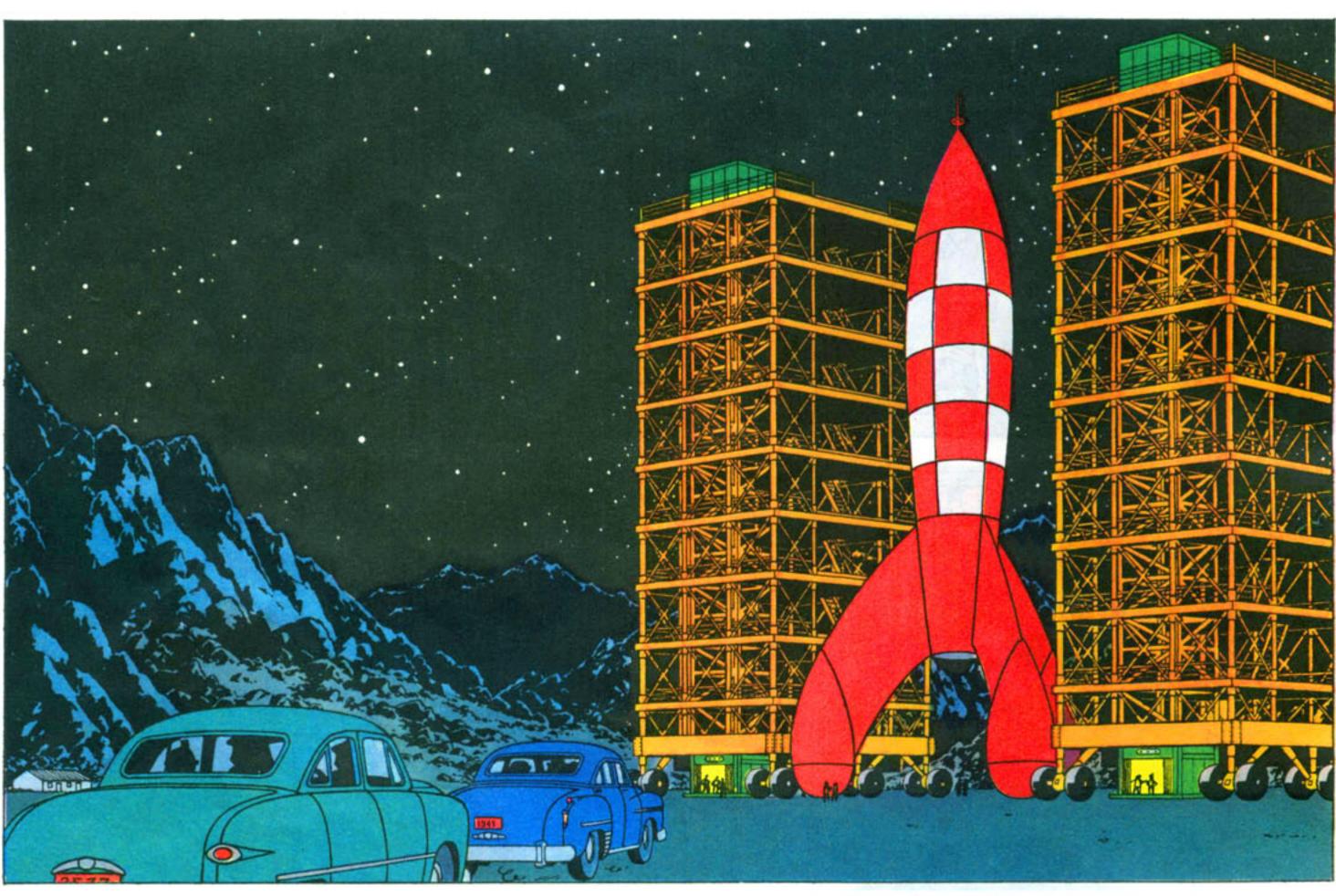




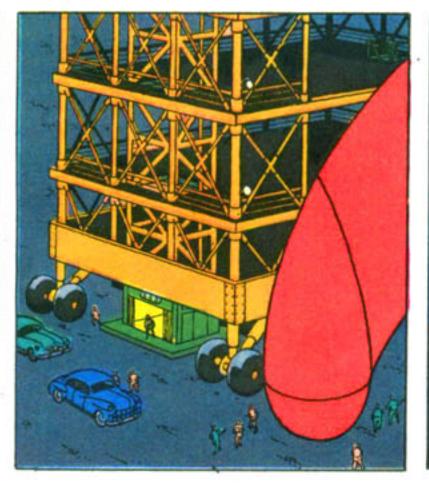














So there's the machine to



Gentlemen, the time has come for us to part. As soon as you are inside the rocket, I shall go to one of the shelters to watch the launching. Afterwards, I shall return to the Centre, and resume contact with you by radio.



Goodbye, Captain. I am delighted that a sailor should be one of the first men to set foot on the Moon!



Goodbye, my young friend. My good wishes go with you! I'm sorry not to be among уои ...



Look, Mr. Baxter, if you really mean it. I'd be happy to give up my place ...

> Thank you, Captain, that is most kind. But I would not



Goodbye, Wolff, and good luck. You know my regard for you... I look to you to stand by the Professor.

Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I shall not fail you.

As for you, my dear Professor-your skill is our best guarantee of success!

> Thank you, Mr. Baxter. I can only say this: we will get to the Moon or perish!



Come along. The lift is waiting for us.



Goodness, Captain! You're going to do some reading

Yes, I want myself



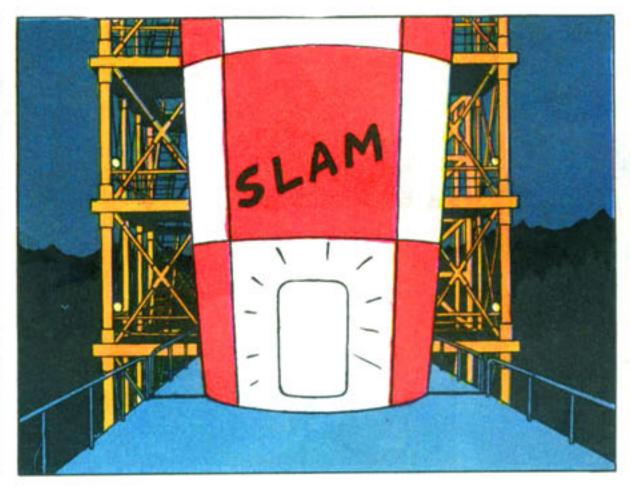


In you go, gentlemen! Between ourselves, Snowy my boy, [m in



Farewell, Earth!





The die is cast!...There they are, inside what could well become their tomb!



Now, I think we'd better run over it again. We all lie down on our bunks. I would remind уои . . .



.. that this is the best position during the initial acceleration. Although everything has been done to make this acceleration gradual, it is possible-even probable-that we shall black out. I assure you there's no need to be unduly worried. Naturally one can never tell, but



During this first phase of the ascent - I don't know how long it will last - the rocket will be automatically controlled. Afterwards, when we have regained consciousness, we will go up to the control deck and take over for ourselves.



Now, every man to his post for equipment checks.

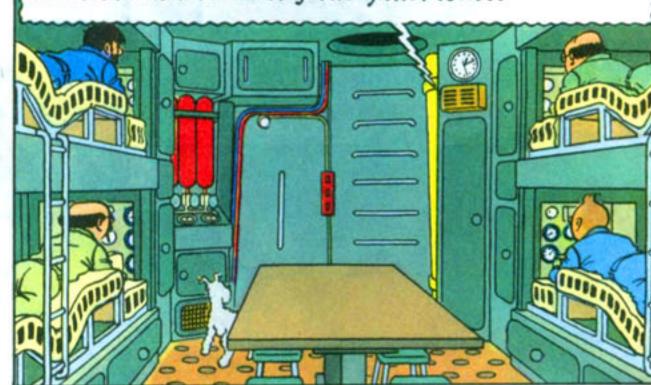


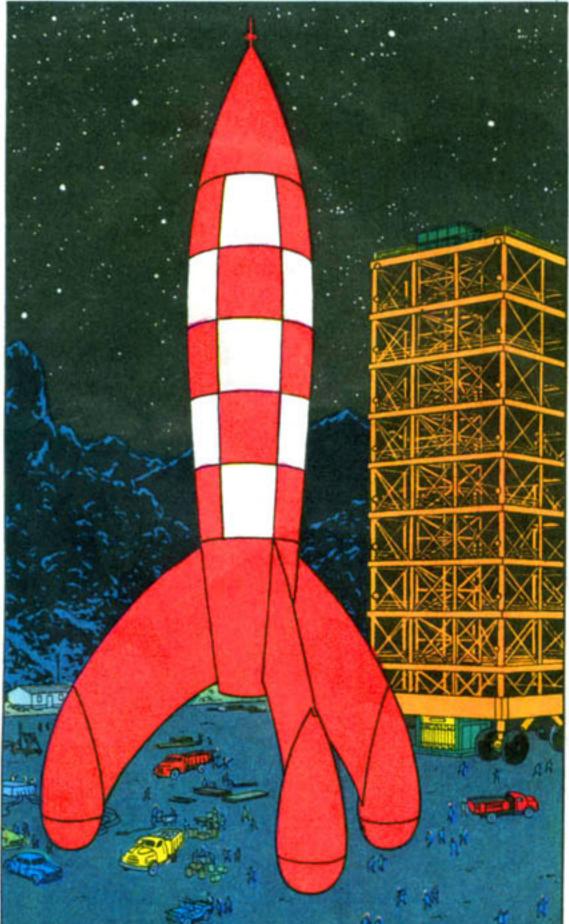
Tintin, you establish radio contact with Earth.

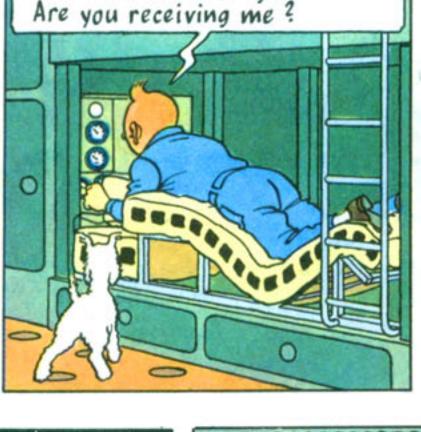




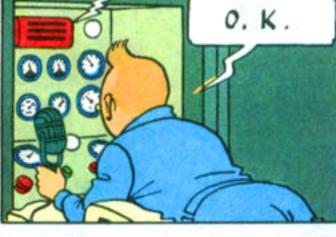
Earth calling Moon-Rocket ... Receiving you loud and clear... We are removing the gantries...







Earth to Moon-Rocket ... Gantries removed ... We are clearing the launching site ... 0. K.

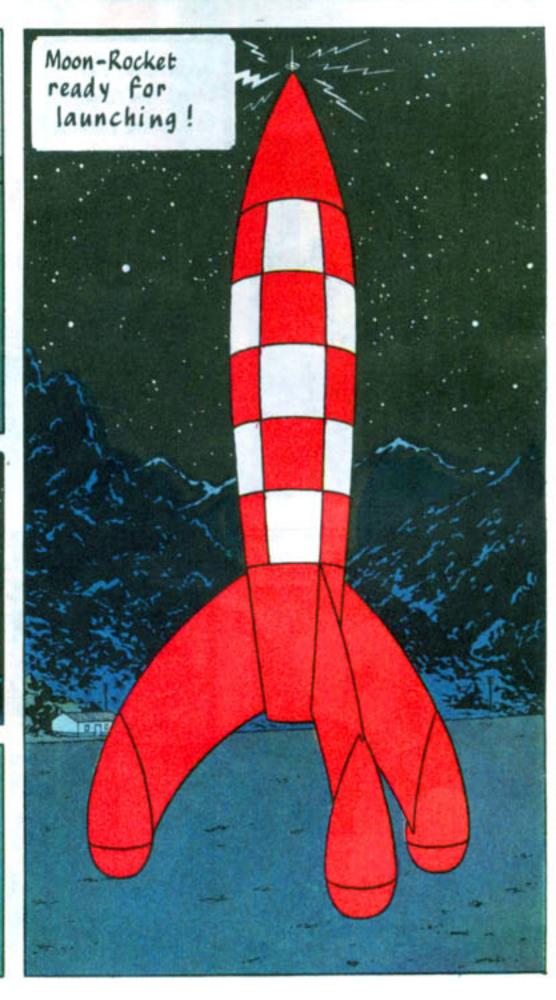


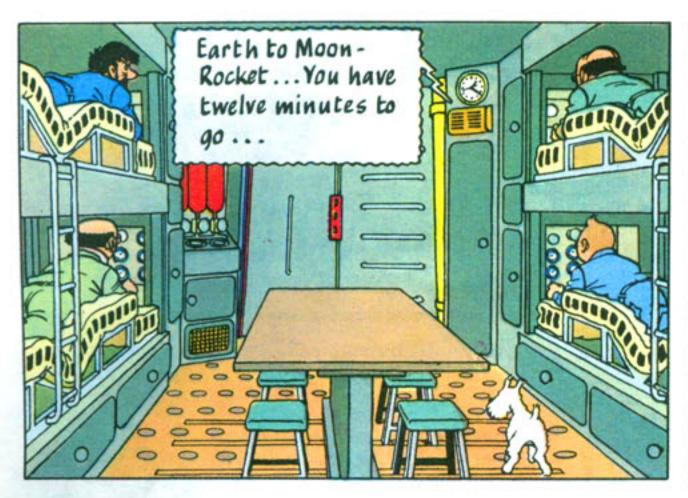
Attention please: clear the launching site!... [ repeat: clear the launching site!



Earth to Moon-Rocket ... The site is clear ... Twentyeight minutes to go ... Are you ready?...

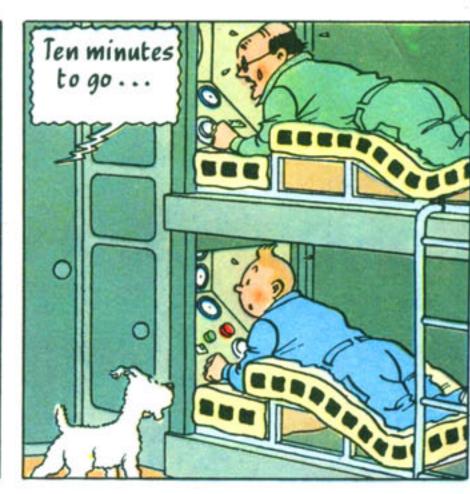


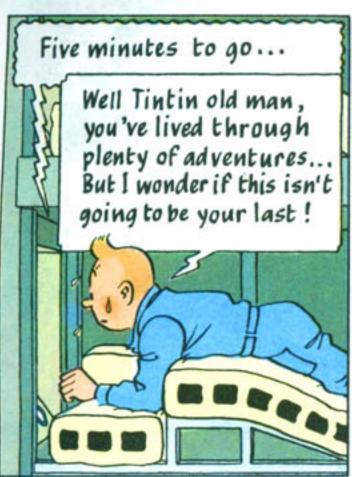




Great sunspots! it's horrible!... Supposing I made a mistake in my calculations-that would be frightful!...No, I can't have done!... But supposing...

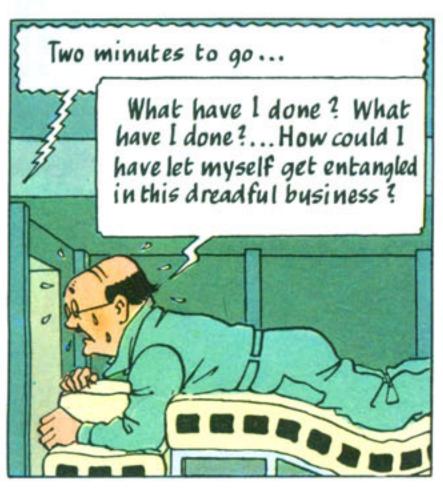




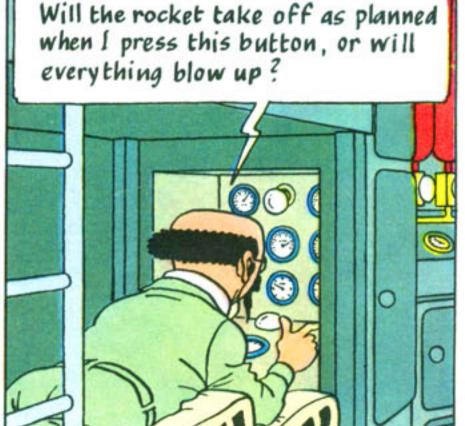


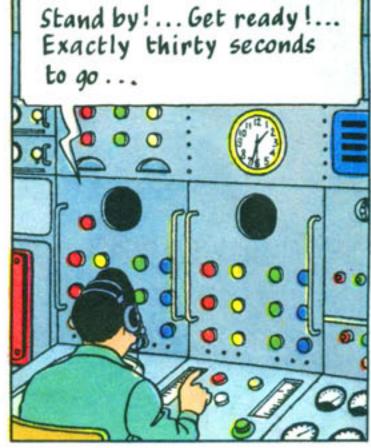












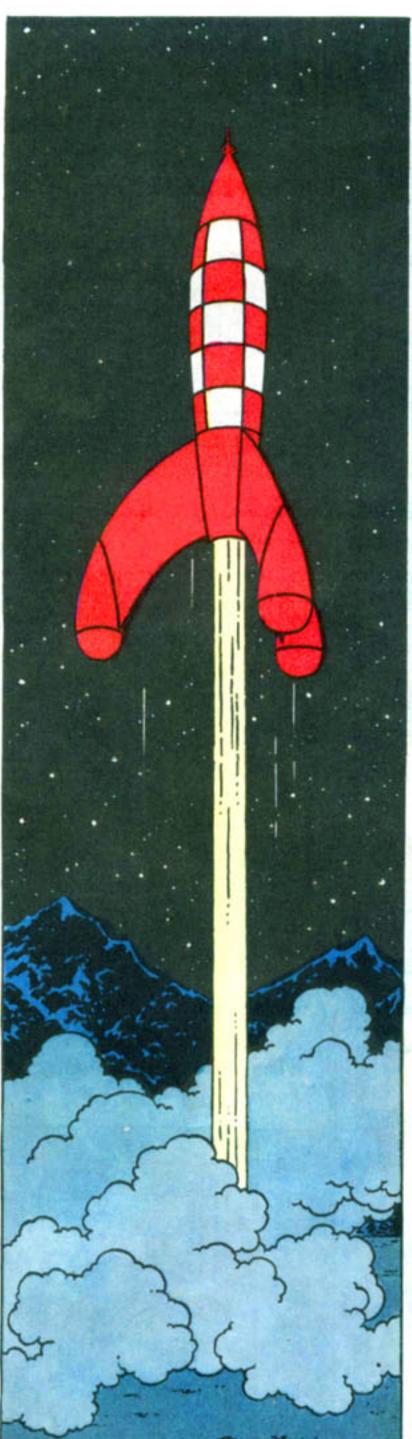


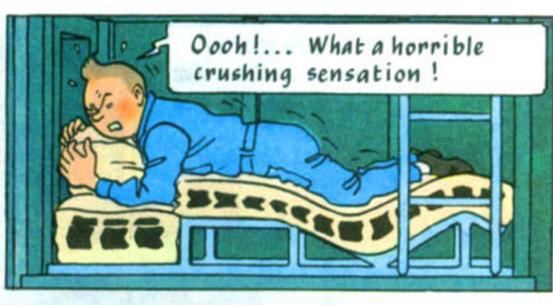






















Observatory to Control Room... We have the rocket under observation. Everything is going as calculated.

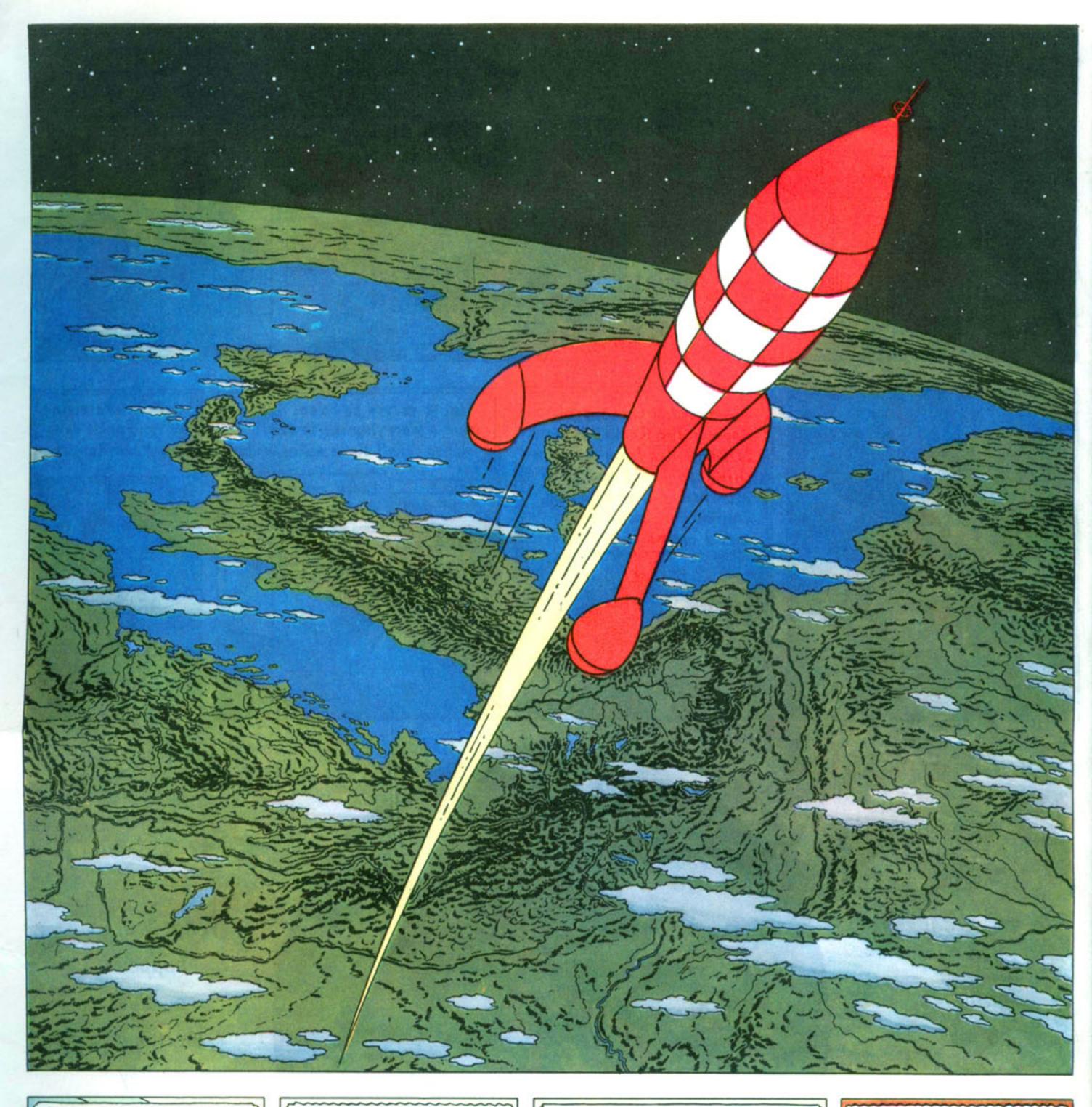


Observatory to Control Room...
The rocket is now 500 miles from the Earth. The nuclear motor has just taken over automatically from the auxiliary engine.



Earth calling Moon-Rocket...Are you receiving me?...Earth calling Moon-Rocket ...Are you receiving me?







Observatory to Control
Room... The rocket's
altitude is now 1000
miles. Have you succeeded in establishing
radio contact yet?
Please report...

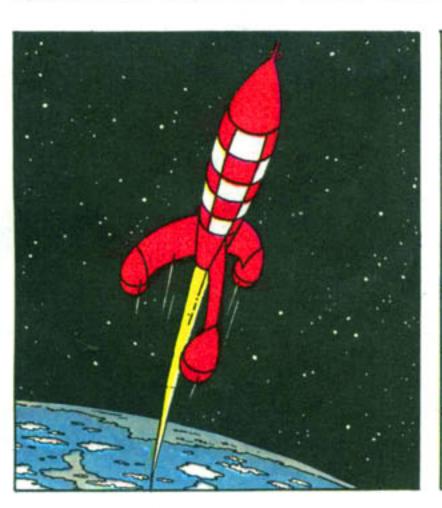




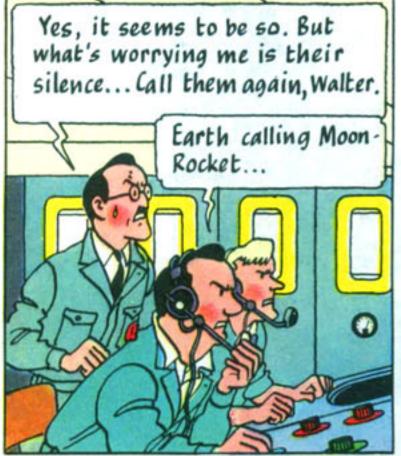














What dangers await
Tintin
and his
friends
on the Moon?



What will happen on this perilous journey into space?

Will they ever return to Earth? You can join in the rest of their great adventure when you read

# **EXPLORERS ON THE MOON**